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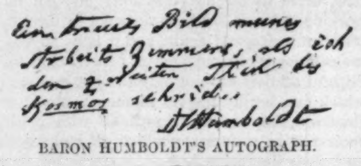
TO OUR READERS.

The proprietors of Harper's Weekly are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

Thus, in addition to the admirable serials by Charles Dickens and George W. Curtis, now in course of publication in the Weekly, subscribers will obtain a complete illustrated history of the war.



BARON HUMBOLDT'S AUTOGRAPH.

THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT.

Not many months since we published a touching tribute from the pen of Baron Humboldt to the memory of his old friend and fellow-traveler, Aimè Bonpland. The great German expressed almost a sad surprise that it should be his destiny to outlive so many of his contemporaries, and foretold his own speedy release from the labors he loved so well. The prophecy has been fulfilled. On the 6th May, in the city of Berlin, Alexander Von Humboldt died, at the age of ninety years.

THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT.

The common consent of the civilized world permits us to pronounce him the greatest man of his age. Few, if any, possessed so varied a range of attainments; no one ever used vast knowledge more nobly than he. The sciences—astronomy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, natural history, physics, anatomy—were not more familiar to him than politics, law, and belles lettres; in all he was a master. Whether we consider the sum of his additions to the general stock of known facts, or the valuable generalizations and laws which he deduced from the discoveries of others, we shall find it difficult to name any philosopher of the present day who can be compared to him. Personal advantages enhanced the fame of his mental triumphs. After a youth spent in the successful pursuit of knowledge under surprising difficulties and in spite of formidable dangers, he enjoyed a serene and beautiful old age, and set an example of rare industry, and unvaried equanimity at a time of life when neither the faculties nor the temper are expected to be bright. Unlike many benefactors of humanity, he was fortunate enough to reap his reward in his lifetime. He saw his fame surpass that of conquerors and monarchs, and received, for the last quarter of his life, a homage more universal than any other man of his day. No funeral honors or posthumous eulogies can enhance the veneration with which the name of Humboldt has been worshiped for a quarter of a century throughout the civilized world.

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, Fredrich Heinrich Alexander—this was his name—was carefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable career at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. His taste for scientific pursuits led him to devote especial attention to geology and mineralogy; and, after a couple of years' study at Fribourg, he became, at the age of 23, a director of the works at Baireuth. He had previously traveled extensively through Germany, Holland, and England, and had published a small work on the basaltic rocks on the Rhine. His labors at Baireuth

HUMBOLDT IN HIS STUDY AT BERLIN.

increased his love for science: he made himself master of all that was then known of chemistry, galvanism, botany, and geology; and the death of his mother placing him in possession of independent property, he sold his estates, threw up his situation, and determined to devote himself to science.

Having decided to choose a new field for his observations, he was somewhat embarrassed in his selection. War was raging throughout Europe at the time. He proposed to explore scientifically Southern Italy, and actually set out with a friend; but the British cruisers compelled the relinquishment of the enterprise. He planned a tour through North Africa, and got as far as Marseilles; but the war again interfered, and he abandoned the project. He had met at Paris the late M. Bonpland, then appointed naturalist to a scientific expedition to South America; but the war put a stop to this too. Almost in despair, he and Bonpland resolved to devote themselves to a series of scientific experiments and observations in Spain, and left France accordingly. While they were in Spain the Government of that country became acquainted with Humboldt's extraordinary attainments, and anticipated his fondest hopes by soliciting him to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. It need not be added that the offer was joyfully accepted.

On June 4, 1799, Humboldt sailed from Corunna on his great voyage. Even to give a brief summary of the results of his five years' journeyings would exhaust far more than the space allotted to this sketch. It must suffice to say that, having touched at Teneriffe, and obtained some valuable observations of and from the Peak, the illustrious traveler landed at Cumana, in the middle of July, and devoted eighteen months to a thorough exploration of the wilderness which now constitutes the State of Venezuela, laying down the true course of the Orinoco and other rivers, and collecting the materials for an accurate account of the physical geography of that section of country. From thence he went to Cuba, traveled over the island, and made so thorough an examination of its resources and peculiarities, that his work on Cuba, old as it is, is the most valuable we have. In March, 1801, he left Cuba for the main land, intending to make Panama his starting-point. Accident drove him further south. He made Bogota his point of departure, and from thence, in spite of the rainy season, crossed the Continent to the Pacific, and carefully surveyed Peru, Chili, and the whole Pacific slope of the Andes. It was during this tour that he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo; he attained an elevation of 19,300 feet—over three miles above the level of the sea; and amidst mists and cold so intense that the blood started from his eyes and ears, planted his instruments on a rock which the wind had bared of the eternal snows, and enriched science with an unprecedented series of observations. In Chili he was enabled to study the phenomena of earthquakes, as, in Venezuela, he had studied meteoric showers; his views on these important subjects have never been controverted. After spending twenty-two months in South America he repaired to Mexico, visited its great volcanoes, laid down the course of several of its rivers and mountain ranges, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. From Mexico he sailed, by way of Havana, to Philadelphia, and spent a couple of months in this country; from whence, at length, in July, 1804, he sailed for France, with the fruits of five years' indefatigable and intelligent travel—such a store of facts, drawings, and observations as no previous traveler had ever been able to collect.

Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, and eleven volumes quarto, and costs $2000 a copy. It took him twelve years to write.

After the completion of this gigantic labor he traveled through parts of Italy which he had not seen, and spent some time at Rome at the villa of his brother Wilhelm. He was enabled to witness a great eruption of Vesuvius, and obtained some valuable observations. In 1818 he finally took up his residence at Berlin, where he was eagerly welcomed by the King and Court as well as by the *savans*. The Prussians were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—strong inducements were held out to him to settle in France—that he was made a councilor of State, and given to understand that no favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy in being able to prosecute his studies.

In 1829 the Emperor of Russia resolved to have a survey made of his Asiatic possessions, and offered Humboldt the direction of the work. The offer was accepted, and in company with two distinguished savans, Humboldt traveled through Siberia and Tartary, spending nine months in collecting ample material for an account of the physical geography of Central Asia. His travels were published by the Russian Government in a magnificent form, and at his suggestion a series of observations were undertaken which have been of great use to science. Nicholas would gladly have retained Humboldt in Russia, but found him inflexibly attached to his native land.

On his return home Humboldt found the revolutions of 1830 in progress, and filled his first diplomatic part by going to Paris, on behalf of Prussia, to recognize Louis Philippe. He was much occupied then and for some years afterward in political concerns. With the King of Prussia he lived on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; and though his political opinions were much too liberal for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Prussia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal friend; but the separation was brief—the King was a very good man at bottom, and meant well—he could not live without Humboldt, who, for his part, was so much engrossed with scientific concerns as to be rarely anxious about politics.

Shortly after his return from Russia he planned his *magnum opus*, which, he intended, should contain the sum of his acquirements, and should demonstrate the harmonies of the universe. To this great work he gave the appropriate title of "Cosmos"—the World. He began it in 1831; but for a long period the work was interrupted, and the first volume did not appear till many years afterward. The fifth was published shortly before his death. The work is so well known as to need no description here. It is enough to say of it that it contains the sum and reason of the knowledge of the most comprehensive mind of the present age.

The problem he sought to solve—the demonstration of the perfect unity of the divine purpose, and the harmony of all the divine laws—has not been solved, because all science is yet in infancy, and the sum of what we know is small in comparison with that which we have yet to learn. But any one who wants to know how much the human mind grasps, and how far the human eye has groped into the mist of knowledge, will find what he seeks in "Cosmos."

One of the most striking characteristics of Humboldt was the remarkable quickness with which he turned every thing to good account—even accidents and disappointments. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem solved, to be stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. Tuckerman says of him: "If delayed by the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the height of the central plains of Castile; when becalmed on soundings, he examined the weeds collected on the lead to gain new light for the theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe induced ingenious speculations on the effects of atmosphere on vision." Our countryman, Mr. Squier, who visited him at Berlin, thought, after a few hours in his company, that the rapacious *savant* had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, before his departure, an urgent note reached him from Humboldt imploring him to say whether the potato disease had ever existed in Nicaragua!

Between Americans and Humboldt there always existed a strong bond of sympathy. His early travels; the respect shown him on his visit to this country; his republican opinions, and his intimacy with some of our greatest men, always led him to feel a strong affection for the United States, and to show to American travelers more attention than to foreigners generally. It is not enough to say that his regard was reciprocated by the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country as Baron Humboldt. The proposal which was made to leave the Oregon dispute to his arbitration was one of the many evidences of the unexampled esteem in which he was held on this side the water.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE map of Italy which we print this week should be carefully kept in every family. Without such a map the accounts of the war will be unintelligible. And we are able to say that no map of the seat of war can be bought in this country which for clearness and accuracy can compare with the one which the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* receives this week.

THE EMPEROR IN THE FIELD.

THE Emperor Napoleon the Third has taken the command of the Army of Italy, and intends to conduct the campaign in person. It has been remarked of him that, though he has passed the meridian of life, he is not older than Marlborough was when he commenced his brilliant military career; he is younger by many years than Colin Campbell, Pelissier, Havelock, Zachary Taylor, and many other eminent soldiers were, when they first assumed the direction of great armies. Nor is it true that he has lacked the apprenticeship which is essential to a right understanding of the science of war. When quite a young man he was more largely engaged in the military movements in Italy than his biographers care to confess. His brother was shot dead by the Austrians by his side. He himself, after a perilous if not a brilliant campaign, owed his escape out of the hands of his present enemies solely to the courage and address of his mother. Again, in Switzerland, he learned the trade of an artilleryman practically and assiduously. Since his success in France he has made several inventions in the shape of cannons, gun-boat equipments, and batteries, which are highly considered even by persons who have no object in flattering him.

There is, therefore, no presumption in his assuming the command of the great French army of liberation. He will do at least as well as any of his own or the enemy's generals; and if he be as able a soldier as he is a statesman, he will do better.

So far as his personal interests are concerned, the step is adroit. It places him in the foremost rank of popular heroes. Under whatever auspices this war begins, it must, sooner or later, assume the shape of a contest between the peoples and the dynasties of Europe. The liberation of Tuscany, Parma, and the Legations are the first step; the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy the second; who shall say what will be the third and the fourth? Hatred and dread of the French may, for a time, keep the Germans loyal to Austria; but who can believe that the fiery Democrats, who set Germany in a blaze only eleven years ago, are long going to sit by quietly, and listen unmoved to the triumphant shouts of liberated, independent Italy? It would be as contrary to the principles of human nature as to the facts of history to expect Munich and Vienna to remain peaceful and loyal while Milan, Venice, and Florence are conquering independence.

The prospect is that the war now commencing is to be another war of independence in central and southern Europe—a war of the peoples against the dynasties; and the prospect, further, is that Napoleon the Third is going to be the hero of the war and the champion of independence.

Of course there is something very anomalous to our eyes in the Emperor of France going to war to give to Italy the freedom which he denies to his own country. The sight is so singular that many well-meaning and intelligent persons deny point-blank that Napoleon can mean what he says, and look for some after-scheme of a Machiavelic and ambitious character.

It belongs to God alone to judge men's hearts, and we do not pretend to see into that of the Emperor of the French. This much, however, must be plain to him as to us: It was the conquests and the family schemes of the elder Napoleon which ruined him, as the same policy would now infallibly ruin his nephew. The conquest of Italy would be fatal to the French empire. It would set all Europe against the Napoleon dynasty, and sooner or later would insure its downfall. The liberation of Italy, on the contrary, and its reorganization under a native government, through the aid of France, would strengthen Napoleon mightily.

We think that Napoleon's interest will prove a sufficient guarantee for his moderation. It would be very agreeable to add that there are some reasons for hoping that the reorganization of Italy will be followed by the reorganization of France; that the independence of the Italian States will be the precursor of the independence of the French citizen. Candor compels the avowal that no such reasons exist. Not the first step has been taken toward the revival of those municipal liberties which once secured freedom to France, and the want of which has been the ruin of every French Government for the past seventy years.

Possibly, in that deep dark mind which none can fathom, there may lie hid some scheme for the education of the French people in the trade of citizenship. Perhaps, on the plains of Italy, that wonderfully far-seeing man may be maturing a project for raising his subjects from their present helpless condition. This alone is yet wanting to his fame. But truth extorts the confession that no shadow of any such coming event has yet been cast on the political horizon.

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1859.

FOR the past two years the grain crop of the Northern and Western States has been poor. The crop of 1858 is generally admitted to have been only half an average. The consequence is, that the West is in a condition of great depression and misery; that Western debtors are unable to satisfy their creditors in New York and elsewhere; and that hundreds of thousands of families throughout the Western States are living in great privation.

It is, under these circumstances, peculiarly gratifying to learn that the prospects of the Western crop for the current year are very promising. Last fall the season was quite favorable for the planting of fall wheat. The weather was open, and in every respect what might have been desired. The number of laborers thrown out of employment by the revulsion enabled farmers to lay under cultivation a much larger area than was ever sown before. Farmers who usually plant fifty acres with winter wheat, last fall planted seventy-five and a hundred; smaller agriculturists in proportion.

For this winter wheat the weather has been peculiarly favorable. There has been neither too little nor too much snow; neither too severe frosts nor too open weather. The farmers in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa say that if they had had the choice of the weather granted to them they would have asked for nothing more favorable than the reality.

The good fortune of the winter still holds good. The spring has been early, gradual, and genial. Every thing indicates so early a harvest that the wheat will escape the droughts which usually occur toward the close of summer. From all accounts it appears that the Western wheat and grain of all kinds are more advanced than they have been for years at this season.

The only remaining risk arises from the fly. With regard to this dreaded enemy of the farmer, it is said that the rapid alternations of warm and cold weather during a part of the winter must have operated in favor of the farmer. Agricultural authorities assert that the alternate frosts and thaws must have destroyed the bulk of the eggs from which the fly tribe would otherwise have been recruited this summer. If this be so, we may confidently look forward to one of the best harvests ever known in this country.

It is not possible to conceive any so desirable an event for the United States as a good Western grain crop this year. Without such a crop the condition of the West must be disastrous in the extreme. With its aid—as the short supply of grain now on hand is sure to secure fair prices to the farmer—the West will revive as rapidly as it declined; and the whole country will participate in the revival.

DESPERATION OF AUSTRIA.

THE empire of Austria presents the singular spectacle of one of the richest nations in the world commencing the most expensive of all possible pastimes—a foreign war—by an act of bankruptcy.

Austria is said to contain more real wealth than France, the United States, or Great Britain; yet her financial system has always been so defective that, even in peace, her revenue falls short of her annual expenditure by some $25,000,000; and though her debt is only about $600,000,000—say half that of France, and one sixth that of Great Britain—she has never been able to borrow except at a ruinous sacrifice. In 1848 she was driven to her wits' end to borrow $25,000,000, and only obtained it through the aid of Russia. A few months ago she advertised for a loan of like amount. No banker in Europe would take it. The Rothschilds at last consented to do their best to negotiate it at London, and offered it to the public at eighty cents on the dollar; but no one came forward, and the scrip was returned to Vienna.

The Bank of Austria was the last of all the financial institutions of Europe to resume specie payments after the crisis of 1857. And now, when its business has only just got into working order, it has been directed by the Government to suspend again, and to issue an enormous amount of irredeemable paper. Austria's faithful soldiers are not only to fight in a cause which can hardly inspire them with much enthusiasm, but are to be satisfied with getting their pay in a currency which, of course, will be largely depreciated.

There is at least this merit in the policy of the Government at Vienna: war can do no more mischief than has been done already. Generally speaking, bankruptcy is a consequence of unsuccessful war; in this instance, Austria proclaims herself bankrupt at the outset.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

A FEW months ago, when there seemed to be a prospect that Congress would adjourn without passing a law authorizing the reissue of the Treasury Notes, the whole country was convulsed with alarm, and the cry was that the United States would shortly be bankrupt. No one ever dreamed that Mr. Cobb would be able to work his way through the summer without borrowing more money.

We have now the Treasury balance-sheet to 1st April; and from this it appears that so far from issuing any of the authorized twenty millions of new Treasury Notes, the Secretary has actually paid off three millions of the old ones. The receipts from the customs have so far exceeded the estimates that some persons seem to think that there will be no necessity for the Secretary to take any action upon the Treasury Note Law of 1859.

It is impossible to say what the summer may bring forth; from present appearances, the fall trade will be large; and the receipts from customs proportionate. At any rate, the Secretary can now reissue between three and four millions of Treasury Notes without increasing the floating debt of the government beyond what it was before Congress met; he has, besides, a million and a half to receive on account of the loan of 1858. With these resources it is not likely that he will be compelled, in any event, to use more than half the amount Congress authorized him to borrow.

The fact is a striking commentary on the recuperative energy of the people. Only eighteen months ago hopeless bankruptcy stared the mercantile and banking community in the face, and the Government was obliged to borrow to pay its current expenses. In another eighteen months the prospect is, that we shall be doing an unexampled business, and that the Government will be buying its securities at a premium.

SWITZERLAND.

WE have received a letter—too long to print—from M. Constant Rilliet, complaining of a remark made by us, some weeks since, to the effect that Switzerland was under the French thumb. Our correspondent ably and eloquently vindicates the Swiss from the charge of being subservient to France: we hope that he is as right in fact as he is warm in tone. He mentions one fact that is highly honorable to the Swiss. Out of two hundred to three hundred newspapers and periodicals published in Switzerland, he says, not one is the organ of a foreign Government. No Swiss editor has ever sold his pen.

THE LOUNGER.

HUMBOLDT.

ON the 18th of March, 1848, the revolution which had commenced in Paris on the 24th of February reached Berlin. There had been deep and general excitement among all classes since the news from France, and the King and Council had finally granted an order for the assembly of the Congress. The people of Berlin, at noon of Saturday the 18th, swarmed to the palace to return thanks in person to the wrong-headed monarch who has been recently washing his face in vermicelli soup at Florence. The King and Queen appeared at a window in the court. Suddenly there was some misapprehension of an order—some mistake never very well explained—and at three o'clock in the afternoon the multitude swept back streaming through the spacious street "Under the Lindens." As it dashed angrily by, lowering and muttering, the shops were all closed and the doors and windows of private houses bolted and barred. Iron railings were torn up to serve for weapons, paving-stones were piled into barricades, and by five o'clock the roar of the royal cannon and the relentless crackle of battalion volleys proclaimed the actual revolution.

The Government yielded, as all the Governments were obliged to do, to that overwhelming popular onset. There was an armed lull of several days, during which the armed citizens mounted guard over the public property; and a state funeral was decreed to those who fell in the outbreak.

It was a splendid and mournful spectacle. Thousands and thousands of trained Prussian soldiers, with all their pomp of banners and uniform and glittering weapons. Then the Prussian National Guard, more simply attired, grave and resolute. Then the magnificent royal equipages, the gilt and the plumes and the shining panels, and first of all the carriage of Majesty itself. Then, walking bareheaded and garnished with brilliant orders, the King's ministers and council, and among them a white-headed man, with a single order around his neck hanging by a ribbon, with his hands folded in front and his eyes cast down—walked a man more illustrious than any king in the world, Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt.

He was then seventy-nine years old, and although he had never been a conspicuous politician he had filled various important political trusts, he had profound political convictions, and he was the especial friend of the King. A plate was laid for him at the royal table, and at Potsdam, in the King's summer-house, a chamber—simply furnished in a cool, rustic manner—was shown to visitors as the room of his Excellency the Baron von Humboldt. His elder brother William, one of the noblest of men, and among the ablest of the last generation of European statesmen, is also associated with Potsdam and the council of the last King Frederic William III.

And now, after a life of immense and incessant study, travel, and thought, during which he has made colossal contributions to every department of human science—a life contemporaneous with many of the greatest events and men of history—a life unusually long, and upon which rests no stain, which is not even tarnished by detraction—famous in all countries, honored and loved in all—having shown how rich in result and how lovely in action human life may be made—the reverend head bows—the eyes that have looked on all the world with love close—the hand which has put on permanent record the divine harmony of natural laws falls gently from its office, and death solemnly stills the great heart that had beat for all mankind.

Humboldt was the man of our age. He ascended to the highest fame, not by the splendor of creative genius, nor by the magnificence of military ambition and dominion, but by the profound insight with which he pursued the processes of nature, and the unerring glance with which he passed through the phenomena in which science is usually content to rest, until he perceived the harmonious principle that underlies creation. History does not show us a more symmetrical and satisfactory character. There have been many scholars, many travelers, many *savans*, many philosophers, but there have not been many who, excelling in all, subordinated the results, not to personal aggrandizement, but to the service of humanity.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE VIVIAN GREY.

LAST week we ventured the surmise that the elections in England would show a warmer sympathy with Italy than the Government had thought fit to express. But we have shared the usual fate of political prophets. We were profoundly mistaken; for the new Parliament will count an accession of twenty-five members to the ministerial side.

Of course many considerations control this result. The boldness of Mr. Bright's late orations, in which he does not hesitate to praise American institutions very openly and frankly, has doubtless frightened many worthy people, who probably suspect that he longs to see the dear little Queen brought to Tower-hill. In fact, in returning thanks for his election, Mr. Bright himself felt compelled to say that he was as fond of the monarchy as any other man: meaning, of course, the monarchy as he understands it.

No one will be more secretly proud of the result of this election in England than the Right Honorable Vivian Grey, Chancellor of the Exchequer—sometimes known, and especially to the late Sir Robert Peel, as Benjamin Disraeli, Esquire, M.P. for Buckinghamshire. When he made his first speech in Parliament he was hissed and hooted down. But he shook his fist at the house and cried that they should yet hear him. This was in 1837, and ten years afterward, Sir Robert Peel, the most British of modern English statesmen, confessed that he feared the speeches of no member but Mr. Disraeli.

In 1849 a British merchant said to the Lounger in Hamburg—"Pooh! we like to use him very well, but England will never make a Prime Minister out of a novelist." This was true for three years. But in 1852 the novelist was Chancellor for nine months in Lord Derby's administration; and last year, when Palmerston retired, he came in again with the Tories, and has now been approved at a general election. It is a great triumph for the Right Honorable Vivian Grey.

He has said fine things and true things about Italy in "Contarini Fleming," and others of his sparkling, passionate, sumptuous novels. Will he do fine things now, or suggest the doing?

CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHEN the East River Pet challenges the North River Darling to a contest to determine the championship of the city, the question to be decided in favor of the one who first breaks the other's nose, it seems to be a very simple proposition. The only point to be settled is whose nose was broken first. There can be no dispute beyond that. If it were the Pet's, then the Darling is the champion; if the Darling's, then Pet is unquestioned chief.

But these gentlemen are never willing to leave it so settled. There is always an assertion by the conquered of some advantage on the part of the conqueror. If Pet's nose was broken, he had the sun in his eyes. If Darling's, his foot slipped just as he was going to win. There results, of course, a fresh challenge, and another encounter. If the result be the same, there is just as much reason for the excuses of the vanquished as before. If it be different, there must be a rubber battle.

To ascend, now, from the ring to the saloon, from fists to billiard cues, from brawn to brain, or to pass from the ring to the race-course, from the pluck of men to the endurance of brutes, we find the same principle accompanying us.

But when Mr. Phelan and Mr. Seereiter after due challenge, and careful and intelligent preparation, engage in a contest at the most beautiful of modern games, and Mr. Phelan beats, why should not that victory be allowed practically to settle the question? If there be any evident difficulty or impediment the game should not be played. But if after long preparation and knowledge, and taking into account the inevitable differences between men, two players meet, and upon a survey of all the circumstances agree to proceed, they also virtually agree to abide by the result of the game. Neither of them afterward has a right to complain of the cues, or the table, or the light, or any other circumstance which, if it were really injurious, it was his business to know and state in advance.

The recent game in Detroit was evidently a fair game fairly played. It left Mr. Phelan victorious. Why should any body complain? He might play another, and he might play twenty others. But it was agreed that for the purpose in view he should play but one game. Did he play it unfairly? That is the only question.

THE GIPSY'S FROLIC.

BLOSSOMS, gipsys, flowers, and frolics naturally come in with the warm, budding, bursting summer days. Think how green and lovely it must be at Mount Vernon! Think what a charming spot for picnics and consequent gipsys! Picnics at Mount Vernon, and consequent patriotism—consequent payments of delightful little sums toward the patriotic purchase!

"Aha! old True-penny! Here we are again!" said Mr. Spenlow.

Does any body seriously suppose Mount Vernon is to be put down? Does any body imagine that the ladies who have set their hands to the purse-strings are going to draw them until the purse is full? We wish to ask every man in the country worthy the name, whether woman is not Heaven's last best gift to his sex—and then put it to him whether he means to remain stupidly forgetful of the fact that the ladies of the country are standing in this summer sun waiting for the balance of our subscriptions to the Mount Vernon fund.

Let those who have given once, give again; and those who have given again, give more. It is a rule that works admirably in all such cases.

If, however, any American citizen is so lamentably lax in patriotism as to require to get money's worth for his money in this matter—if any body will give two dollars or ten, upon condition of getting two or ten dollars' worth of enjoyment, let him know that the ladies have provided even for his incredible case, and that he has no valid excuse longer.

The Home of Washington! what exquisite emotions—but to proceed.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, 2d and 3d June, the proprietors of the Metropolitan, late Burton's, Theatre have generously given it to the ladies for the benefit of the fund—and then and there, in that handsome and commodious temple, Dr. Ward's opera of The Gipsy's Frolic will be performed—the Doctor kindly superintending the whole affair, which will be, of course, as unique as all the influences and the circumstances can not fail to make it.

All patriots and right-minded persons, every body who loves the memory of Washington, who wishes to do something besides saying so, and who desires to hear a charming opera charmingly performed, partly by the most accomplished amateurs in the city, all such persons are expected to take five seats, and to bring all their friends on each evening.

And if there be any body so lost to the finer sensibilities of our common nature, so recreant to the ardent impulse of a pure patriotism, so unmindful of the fact of which Mr. Graham so aptly reminded us in his late argument, that General Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen—if, in fine, there be any American with soul so dead who never to himself has said as he stood in Mount Vernon or thought of Mount Vernon, This is (or ought to be) my own, my native country's property—then, in Heaven's name, let him button up his miserable pocket and stay at home!

THE LATE DR. ABBOTT.

No American traveler of late years in Egypt but will recall the cheerful, genial society of Henry Abbott, nor hear without regret of his recent death. The Lounger remembers vividly a certain evening at Shepherd's hotel on the Uzbekeeyah in Cairo, after the arrival of the overland mail on its way to England, when he was confounded by the astonishing fluency and correctness with which as complete an Oriental gentleman as he ever saw, in full tarboosh and flowing robes, spoke English. He also took a hand at whist with the air of a man who had actually played with Sarah Battle. And when games were over, and smoking chibouques and midnight had set in, there was no one of all the party who appeared to enjoy life more entirely and intelligently than the Oriental gentleman, who was no other than Henry Abbott. At that time the famous hippopotamus, which made so great a sensation when it was exhibited in London, was in Dr. Abbott's grounds and under his care. There was a huge giraffe also, and several antelopes. Within the house was his superb Egyptian collection.

A few years since Dr. Abbott came to this country bringing his collection with him, for which he had declined very liberal offers in Europe. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, perhaps the most competent authority, calls it, upon the whole, the best in the world. It cost the collector a fortune, and it can be purchased for $30,000. The New York Historical Society have it in charge.

Dr. Abbott did not feel himself at home in the whirl of American life. All his tastes and habits were conformed to Oriental silence and repose, and he had married an Eastern woman. At the earliest moment, therefore, he returned to his familiar haunts, disappointed and harassed, doubtless, by the trouble and fruitless efforts of his visit to New York. He was sorely touched by the death of a brother in January last, and on the 30th of March, he died at Kafr-el-Aish in Egypt. The American traveler in that sad, silent land will find one friend the less; and all who remember him there will always remember him kindly.

A WORD WITH A CERTAIN PERSON.

IN a certain city lives a certain person who is twenty years of age, who is a book-keeper in a certain house where he receives a certain salary, which we will call six hundred dollars a year, upon which he supports his mother and sister as well as himself. He may presently (as all sub-book-keepers may) be promoted to be chief book-keeper in the office; but beyond that he can not advance. He insists that in relinquishing the mercantile career he does not surrender any brilliant prospects; and that, as he has a strong taste for literary pursuits, and no ambition to make money, he might justly devote himself to the literary career.

He suggests that he may acquire a knowledge of Phonography—and so, becoming a reporter, reach at last the editorial chair; or he may devote his leisure, while he retains his present position, to pursuing some course of reading and study—writing occasionally, and trying his power.

Before deciding this question, let a certain person read the letter which Charles Lamb wrote to Bernard Barton on the 9th of January, 1823:

"Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for any thing that worthy *personage* cares." ..... "A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen; but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious."

The word "unharassing" is full of meaning. If a certain person were supporting himself alone, the Lounger would say directly, Decide what literary department to try, and begin at once. If you succeed, well; if you fail, you can by-and-by obtain a situation as book-keeper again; and the time you are out of employment will be only the price you pay for satisfactorily trying an experiment.

But when a mother and sister are concerned the case is very different; and knowing how very difficult it is for capable young men to obtain situations in business, the Lounger would most earnestly advise a certain person to hold fast his situation until he has mastered some new profession, and made sure of employment in it.

Clearly his course of reading must be general literature: "the best authors"—history first, and the literature of various countries and periods as they arise. Good honest prose translations of such standard foreign works as he wishes are the thing for him. Don't be afraid of a translation. The chance is that a man who, for example, has devoted his life and talents to discovering the meaning of Greek characters and to criticising and comparing Greek literature, will give you a better knowledge in a shorter time of Herodotus, or Plutarch, or Thucydides, than you and your dictionary together. The study of languages may be a capital thing, but not for you under the circumstances.

As for "training the mind" by studying metaphysics and mathematics, the Lounger would advise a certain person to follow his tastes. If he have a strong desire, let him obey it. If not, he might as well train his mind by studies in which he is interested. Metaphysics and mathematics are really—and in a technical sense—special sciences.

When he considers himself sufficiently prepared, let him begin. But let him remember that while positive talent or genius succeeds without this preparation, the mere preparation itself never succeeds. Except in those instances of men of fortune who deliberately choose literature as a profession, and pursue some branch of investigation, it is not preparation, but success, which secures a permanent hold upon the calling. To be a reporter only, honorable as the profession may be, would not satisfy a man who wished to be an author, any more than keeping books would; while the latter pursuit would give him more time for his literary studies.

If a certain person reads a paragraph in the Lounger's column of May 14, he will doubtless think that authorship is well paid. So it is; never so well, upon the whole, as it is now. But only the great talents draw the great prizes. The Rothschilds and Barings are well paid as bankers, but every clerk in every bank will find little comfort in that. So it must be remembered that the great mass of literary laborers are to the famous authors as the bank clerks every where are to the famous financiers.

The Lounger says these depressing things the more willingly because he knows that they will not discourage any man who feels that he must work with his pen, while they may help those who only think that they feel the inspiration.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—C. D. H., Charleston, South Carolina, writes to the Lounger remarking upon what seems to him a shocking statement in a newspaper that friends will "grieve sorely at the necessity of giving her up as lost." He may comfort himself. If among the friends of whom the paper speaks there happen to be any persons who are followers of Him who did not give up the woman taken in adultery as lost, and who told his disciples to forgive even seventy times seven, they will not feel themselves under the necessity of giving her up as "lost." It is a technical expression in this sense. It is a word used by "Society," in which there are no unvirtuous persons, to indicate the condition of those women whose offenses have become public.

—A friend writes that "H. Taylor wrote a good poem on the return of Sir H. Pottinger from China."

—J. L., Nashville, Tennessee, who, for some inscrutable reason, thinks fit to address the proprietors of the *Weekly* as "Gents"—whatever Gents may be—is informed that this paper is not a partisan sheet in any sense. It does not discuss partisan politics. It gives portraits and sketches of all American notabilities without regard to party or section. It shoots any conspicuous public folly, which is not in its nature partisan, wherever it finds it. The *Weekly* presumes that no argument can be adduced in the matter which it has not patiently considered. If any reader differs from the conclusions which guide its action, he has the same liberty to disagree with them that the *Weekly* has to follow them.

—G. W. L., Buffalo, sends a poem to be inserted "in the *Weekly* or in the fire." It is not in the *Weekly!*

—W. wishes to know the author of "Charles Auchester" and "Counterparts." It is an admirably kept secret.

—B. is informed that the author of "Adam Bede" is named George Eliot upon the title-page of the book. The *Westminster Review* suggests that it is a woman.

—J. N. H., Springfield, Illinois, sends the Lounger an accurate copy of the poem

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,"

with some account of the author, which confirms what C. M. A. writes from Niles, Michigan:

"The author's name is Benjamin F. Taylor, of Chicago, Illinois, at present editor of the Chicago *Journal*. It first appeared many years ago in the New York *Tribune*, since which time it has been borrowed, stolen, mutilated, misquoted, and credit given to half a dozen different authors, some of whom have had the impudence as well as dishonesty to claim it as their own. About a year ago there appeared two different versions of it in the *Ladies' Repository*, at which time it was claimed by three different authors; and the editor of said magazine finally decided that the genuine author was a *Miss Bachelor*."

The poem appears in the volume published by Mr. Taylor, entitled "January and June."

—T. D., Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who wishes to know about the overland journey to California, will probably find the most satisfactory reply to his questions in the letters of Mr. Greeley, who has recently departed upon that journey.

—Xerxes, who inquires whether operas are not always better performed in Europe than here, may profitably read the following from a late English paper, and compare the account it gives with the recent performance at the Academy, here in New York:

"The revival of *Don Giovanni* at the Théâtre Italien in Paris appears to have been a complete failure. "Let us try and forget it as soon as possible," says *La Révue et Gazette Musicale*, "for it was neither worthy of the theatre nor of the artists. Mario has none of the qualities essential for the hero, except face and figure. Madame Frezzolini was not in voice" (when has she been *in voice* during the last ten years?); and "Galvani could hardly satisfy even those who had never heard Rubini" (and Mario?) "in *Don Ottavio*. With regard to Madame Persiani (!) suddenly invited to replace Madame Penco, who was indisposed, it is enough to be grateful for the good feeling she evinced. She is a somewhat *late* Zerlina, gaining more by being heard than seen. Madame Guerabella, on the other hand, is young and handsome, and rather to be seen than heard. Zucchini, Corsi, Angelini, like Mario himself, failed to soar above mediocrity. Let us, then, allow *Don Giovanni* to repose for the rest of the season, and may this one revival sit light upon him."

—JOHN K., Chicago. The author of "Salad for the Solitary," "Salad for the Social," and "Mosaics," just published, is Frederick Saunders, of this city.

—A CONSTANT READER should address a letter for Mr. R. H. Stoddard to the Custom-house. It will then be sure to reach him. If this correspondent has not seen Mr. Stoddard's poem "On the Town," in the *Saturday Press* for March 12 (we believe), he has yet to read the most dramatic and vigorous of his poems.

—THE MANAGERS of the Commencement Ball of the University of North Carolina, complimentary to the Graduating class, will please accept the Lounger's thanks for the card of invitation, which he is compelled to decline. He would be glad to receive some account of the festival, that he and his readers may see if there be any marked difference between such celebrations at the South and North.

—E. O. P., Marietta, Ohio, asks if "in many instances the study of the classics has not an enervating influence, and renders the student too careful and precise." This may often be. But it is an abuse. So "self-educated men" of whom he speaks are apt to be very dogmatic, conceited, and narrow; but these characteristics are not the rule.

—CANAL STREET, New Orleans. There are but two volumes of Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great published either in England or here. Macaulay has written no "Life" of Frederick. The Lounger would certainly value Carlyle's estimate of character more than Macaulay's.

—A. writes that the poem of which Emilie inquired,

"She lives alone, alone she weeps,"

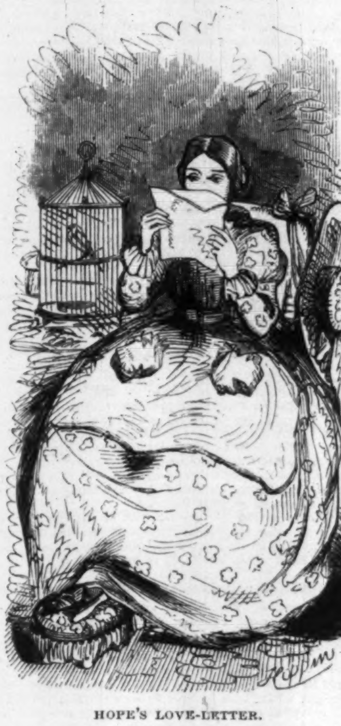
was written by Mrs. Anna Bache, of Philadelphia. The Lounger thanks A. for the copy.

Ye ABOLITIONISTS IN COUNCIL—Ye ORATOR OF Ye DAY DENOUNCING Ye UNION, MAY, 1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



HOPE'S LOVE-LETTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SO-CI-E-TY?

THE family of Newt is one of the oldest in the country; and, what is more, it is one of those "fine" old families of which much may be heard by an attentive listener. There are even traces of the Newts before the Revolution; and the only question is, whether they came over with Hendrick Corstiaensen, or whether they were not left upon the island by Hendrick Hudson himself. The latter is the more popular theory with the family, which has always been strongly Democratic in politics.

Tradition declares that the family has been uniformly respectable but honest—so respectable, indeed, that Mr. Boniface Newt, a celebrated New York merchant and a Tammany Sachem, thirty or forty years ago, had a crest. He had even buttons for his coachman's coat with a stag's head engraved upon them. The same device was upon his seal-ring. It appeared upon his carriage-door. It figured on the edges of his dinner-service. It was worked into the ground glass of the door that led from his dining-room to the back stairs. He had his paper stamped with it; and a great many of his neighbors, thinking it a neat and becoming ornament, imitated him in its generous use.

Mrs. Newt's family had a crest also. She was a Magot—another of the fine old families who came over at the earliest possible period. The Magots, however, had no buttons upon their coachman's coat; one reason of which omission was, perhaps, that they had no coachman. But when the ladies of the Magot family went visiting or shopping they hired a carriage, and insisted that the driver should brush his hat and black his boots; so that it was not every body who knew that it was a livery equipage.

Their friends did, of course; but there were a great many people from the country who gazed at it in passing with the same emotion with which they would have contemplated a private carriage; which was highly gratifying to the feelings of the Magots.

Their friends knew it, but friends never remark upon such things. There was old Mrs. Dagon—dowager Mrs. Dagon, she was called—aunt of Mr. Newt, who never said, "I see the Magots have hired a hackney-coach from Jobbers to make calls in. They quarreled with Gudging over his last bill. Medora Magot has turned her last year's silk—which is a little stained and worn—but then it does just as well."

By-and-by her nephew Boniface married Medora's sister, Nancy.

It was Mrs. Dagon who sat with Mrs. Newt in her parlor, and said to her,

"So your son Abel is coming home. I'm glad to hear it. I hope he knows how to waltz, and isn't awkward. There are some very good matches to be made, and I like to have a young man settle early. It's better for his morals. Men are bad people, my dear. I think Maria Chubleigh would do very well for Abel. She had a foolish affair with that Colonel Orson, but it's all over. Why on earth do girls fall in love with officers? They never have any pay worth speaking of, and a girl must tramp all over the land, and live I don't know how. Pshaw! it's a wretched business. How's Mr. Dinks? I saw him and Fanny waltzing last month at the Shrimps. Who are the Shrimps? Somebody says something about the immense fortune Mr. Shrimp has made in the oil trade. You should have seen Mrs. Winslow Orry peering about at the Shrimps. I really believe she counted the spoons. What an eye that woman has—and what a tongue! Are you really going to Saratoga? Will Boniface let you? He is the kindest man! He is so generous that I sometimes fear somebody'll be taking advantage of him. But gracious me! how hot it is!"

It was warm, and Mrs. Dagon fanned herself. When she and Mrs. Newt met there was a tremendous struggle to get the first innings of the conversation, and neither surrendered the ground until fairly forced off by breathlessness and exhaustion.

"Yes, we shall go to Saratoga," said Mrs. Newt, "and I want Abel to come so as to take him. There'll be a very pleasant season. What a pity you can't go! However, people must regard their time of life, and take care of their health. There's old Mrs. Octoyne says she shall never give up. She hopes to bring out her great-grand-daughter next winter, and says she has no life but in society. I suppose you know Herbert Octoyne is engaged to one of the Shrimps. They keep their carriage, and the girls dress very prettily. Herbert tells the young men that the Shrimps are a fine old family, which has been long out of society, having no daughters to marry, so they have not been obliged to show themselves. But I don't know about visiting them. However, I suppose we shall. Herbert Octoyne will give 'em family, if they really haven't it; and the Octoynes won't be sorry for her money. What a pretty shawl! Did you hear that Mellish Whitloe has given Laura a diamond pin which cost five hundred dollars? Extravagant fellow! Yet I like to have young men do these things handsomely. I do think it's such a pity about Laura's nose—"

"She can smell with it, mother; and what else do you want of a nose?"

It was Miss Fanny Newt who spoke, and who had entered the room during the conversation. She was a tall, self-possessed young woman of about twenty, with firm, dark eyes, and abundant dark hair, and that kind of composure of manner which is called repose in drawing-rooms and boldness in bar-rooms.

"Gracious, Fanny, how you do disturb one! I didn't know you were there. Don't be ridiculous. Of course she can smell with it. But that isn't all you want of a nose."

"I suppose you want it to turn up at some people," replied Miss Fanny, smoothing her dress, and looking in the glass. "Well, Aunt Dagon, who've you been eating now?"

Aunt Dagon looked a little appalled at this question.

"My dear, what do you mean?" she said, fanning herself violently. "I hope I never say any thing that isn't true about people. I'm sure I should be very sorry to hurt any body's feelings. There's Mrs. Kite—you know, Joseph Kite's wife, the man they said really did cheat his creditors, only none of 'em would swear to it; well, Kitty Kite, my dear, does do and say the most abominable things about people. At the Shrimps' ball, when you were waltzing with Mr. Dinks, I heard her say to Mrs. Orry, 'Do look at Fanny Newt hug that man!' It was dreadful to hear her say such things, my dear; and then to see the whole room stare at you! It was cruel—it was really unfeeling."

Fanny did not wince. She merely said,

"How old is Mrs. Kite, Aunt Dagon?"

"Well, let me see; she's ten or a dozen years younger than I am."

"Oh! well, aunt, people at her time of life can't see or hear much, you know. They ought to be in their beds with hot bottles at their feet, and not obtrude themselves among people who are young enough to enjoy life with all their senses," replied Miss Fanny, carelessly arranging a stray lock of hair.

"Indeed, Miss, you would like to shove all the married people into the wall, or into their graves," retorted Mrs. Dagon, warmly.

"Oh no, dear aunt, only into their beds—and that not until they are superannuated, which, you know, old people never find out for themselves," answered Fanny, smiling sweetly and calmly upon Mrs. Dagon.

"What a country it is, aunt!" said Mrs. Newt, looking at Fanny with a kind of admiration. "How the young people take every thing into their own hands! Dear me! dear me! how they do rule us!"

Miss Newt made no observation, but took up a gayly-bound book from the table, and looked carelessly into it. Mrs. Dagon rose to go. She had somewhat recovered her composure.

"Don't think I believed it, dear," said she to Fanny, in whom, perhaps, she recognized some of the family character. "No, no; not at all! I said to every body in the room that I didn't believe what Mrs. Kite said, that you were hugging Mr. Dinks in the waltz. I believe I spoke to every body I knew, and they all said they didn't believe it."

"How kind it was of you, dear Aunt Dagon!" said Fanny, as she rose to salute her departing relative, "and how generous people were not to believe it! But I couldn't persuade them that that beautiful lace-edging on your dress was real Mechlin, although I tried very hard. They said it was natural in me to insist upon it, because I was your grand-niece; and it was no matter at all, because old ladies could do just as they pleased—but for all that it was not Mechlin. I must have told as many as thirty people that they were wrong. But people's eyes are so sharp—it's really dreadful. Good-morning, darling Aunt Dagon!"

"Fanny dear," said her mother, as the door closed upon Mrs. Dagon, who departed speechless and in what may be called a simmering state of mind, "Abel will be here in a day or two. I really hope to hear something about this Miss Wayne. Do you suppose Alfred Dinks is actually engaged to her?"

"How should I know, mother?"

"Why, my dear, you have been so intimate with him."

"My dear mother, how *can* any body be intimate with Alfred Dinks? You might as well talk of breathing in a vacuum."

"But, Fanny, he is a very good sort of young man—so respectable, and with such good manners, and he has a very pretty fortune—"

Mrs. Newt was interrupted by the servant, who announced Mr. Wetherley.

Poor Mr. Wetherley—Mr. Zephyr Wetherley! He was one of those youths who float in society like motes in a sunbeam. You can not individualize them. They are always to be seen floating every where. Catch one, and you have caught all. Catch one, and you do not know it, for you can not feel it. They are the rank and file of society—the privates; people who are mentioned in a lump after a ball as common soldiers are mentioned after a battle. And yet they have feelings, they have blood, heart, hands and feet—feet especially. They have kindly relations with the world and other people in it. They are dear to sisters. They are the pride of mothers. They have emotions. In their little way they have experience. They go through a series of sensations—the parody of passion.

Was it not inevitable that Zephyr Wetherley should conceive himself to be in love with Fanny Newt?

Poor Mr. Wetherley! He entered the room and bowed. Mrs. Newt, seeing that it was one of her daughter's visitors, left the room. Miss Fanny sat looking at the young man with her black eyes so calmly that she seemed to him to be sitting a great way off in a cool darkness. Miss Fanny was not fond of Mr. Wetherley, although she had seen plainly enough the indications of his feeling for her. This morning he was well gloved and booted. His costume was unexceptionable. Society of that day boasted few better-dressed men than Zephyr Wetherley. His judgment in a case of cravat was unerring. He had been in Europe, and was quoted when waistcoats were in debate. He had been very attentive to Mr. Alfred Dinks and Mr. Bowdoin Beacon, the two Boston youths who had been charming society during the season that was now over. He was even a little jealous of Mr. Dinks.

After Mrs. Newt had left the room Mr. Wetherley fell into confusion. He embarked, of course, upon the weather immediately—while Fanny, taking up a book, looked casually into it with a slight air of *ennui*.

"Have you read this?" said she to Mr. Wetherley.

"No—I suppose not—eh! what is it?" replied Zephyr, who was not a reading man.

"It is John Neal's 'Rachel Dyer.'"

"Oh, indeed! No, indeed. I have not read it!"

"What have you read, Mr. Wetherley?" inquired Fanny, glancing through the book which she held in her hand.

"Oh, indeed!—" he began. Then he seemed to undergo some internal spasm. He dropped his hat, slid his chair to the side of Fanny's, and said: "Ah, Miss Newt, how can you ask me at such a moment?"

Miss Fanny looked at him with a perfectly unruffled face.

"What's the matter with the moment, Mr. Wetherley?"

"Ah, Miss Newt, how can you when you know my feelings? Did you not carry my bouquet at the theatre last evening? Have you not long authorized me by your treatment to declare—"

"Stop, Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny, calmly. "The day is warm—let us be cool. Don't say any thing which you will regret to remember. Don't mistake any thing that I have done as an indication of—"

"Oh, Miss Newt," interrupted Zephyr, "how can you say such things? Hear me, but one word. I assure you that I most deeply, tenderly, truly—"

"Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny, putting down the book and speaking very firmly, "I really can not sit still and hear you proceed. You are laboring under a great misapprehension. You must be aware that I have never in the slightest way given you occasion to believe that I—"

"I must speak!" burst in the impetuous Zephyr. "My feelings forbid silence! Great Heavens! Miss Newt, you really have no idea—I am sure you have no idea—you can not have any idea of the ardor with which for a long, long time I have—"

"Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny Newt, darker and cooler than ever, "it is useless to prolong this conversation. I can not consent to hear you declare that—"

"But you haven't heard me declare it," replied Zephyr, vehemently. "It's the very thing I am trying to do, and you won't let me. You keep cutting me off just as I am saying how I—"

"You need go no farther, Sir," said Miss Newt, coldly, rising and standing by the table; while Zephyr Wetherley red and hot and confused, crushed his handkerchief into a ball, and swept his hand through his hair, wagging his foot, and rubbing his fingers together. "I understand, Sir, what you wish to say, and I desire to tell you only that—"

"Just what I don't want to hear! Oh dear me! Please, please, Miss Newt!" entreated Zephyr Wetherley.

"Mr. Wetherley," interrupted the other imperiously, "you wish to ask me to marry you. I desire to spare you the pain of my answer to that question by preventing your asking it."

Mr. Wetherley looked confused. He wrinkled his brows a moment—he stared at the floor and at Miss Newt—he looked foolish and mortified. "But—but—but—" stammered he. "Well—but—why—but—haven't you somehow answered the question?" inquired he, with gleams of doubtful intelligence shooting across his face.

Fanny Newt smiled icily.

"As you please," said she.

Poor Zephyr was bewildered.

"It is very confusing, somehow, Miss Newt, isn't it?" said he, wiping his face.

"Yes, Mr. Wetherley; one should always look before he leaps."

"Yes, yes; oh, indeed, yes. A man had better look out or—"

"Or he'll catch a Tartar!" said a clear, strange voice.

Fanny Newt and Wetherley turned simultaneously toward the speaker. It was a young man, with clustering black hair and sparkling eyes, in a traveling dress. He stood in the back room, in the rear of which was a conservatory.

"Abel!" said his sister, running toward him, and pulling him forward.

"Mr. Wetherley, this is my brother, Mr. Abel Newt."

The young men bowed.

"Oh, indeed!" said Zephyr. "How'd he come here listening?"

"Chance, chance, Mr. Wetherley. I have just returned from school. Pretty tough old school-boy, hey? Well, it's all the grandpa's doing. Grandpas are extraordinary beings, Mr. Wetherley. Now there was—"

"Oh, indeed! Really, I must go. Good-morning, Miss Newt. Good-morning, Sir." And exit Zephyr Wetherley.

The brother and sister laughed.

"Sensible fellow," said Abel; "he flies the grandpas."

"How did you come here, you wretch!" asked Fanny, "listening to my secrets?"

"My dear, I arrived this morning, only half an hour ago. I let myself in by my pass-key, and, hearing voices in the parlor, I went round by the conservatory to spy out the land. Then and there I beheld this spectacle. Fanny, you're wonderful."

Miss Newt made a demure courtesy.

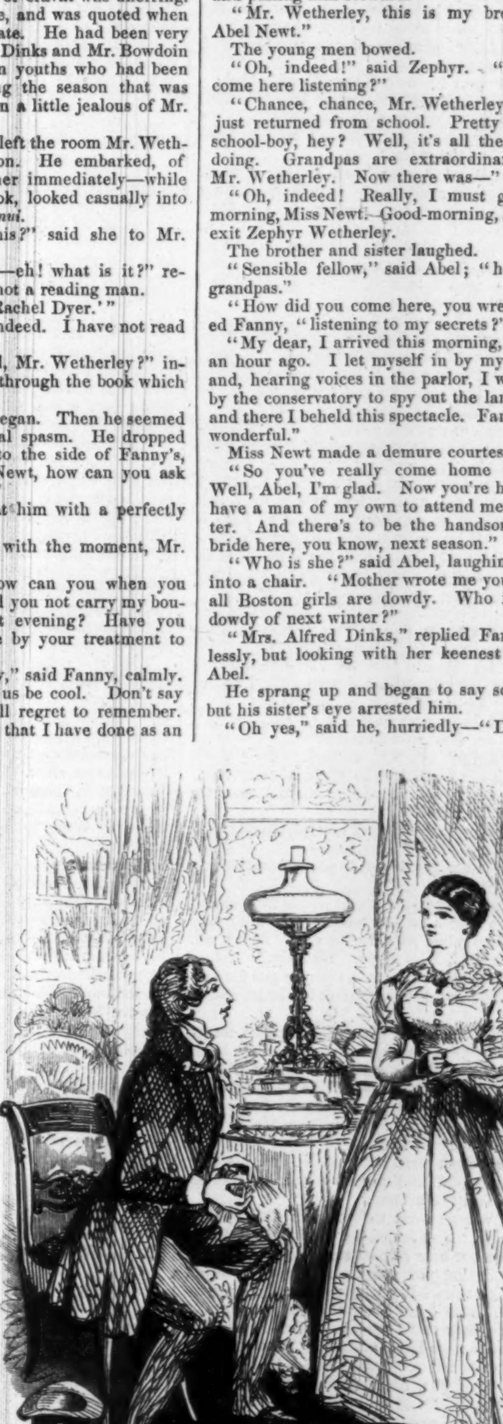
"So you've really come home for good? Well, Abel, I'm glad. Now you're here I shall have a man of my own to attend me next winter. And there's to be the handsome Boston bride here, you know, next season."

"Who is she?" said Abel, laughing, sinking into a chair. "Mother wrote me you said that all Boston girls are dowdy. Who is the star dowdy of next winter?"

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks," replied Fanny, carelessly, but looking with her keenest glance at Abel.

He sprang up and began to say something; but his sister's eye arrested him.

"Oh yes," said he, hurriedly—"Dinks, I've



FANNY NEWT AND MR. WETHERLEY.

heard about Alfred Dinks. What a devil of a name!"

"Come, dear, you'd better go up stairs and see mamma," said Fanny; "and I'm so sorry you missed Aunt Dagon. She was here this morning, lovely as ever. But I think the velvet is wearing off her claws. She has a most scratchy style of conversation. However, what would society be except for claws? Claws in velvet, of course. All the time you know they're sharp—and they feel so soft!"

Fanny Newt laughed a cold little laugh. Abel went out of the room.

"Master Abel, then, does know Miss Hope Wayne," said she to herself. "He more than knows her—he loves her—or thinks he does. Wouldn't he have known if she had been engaged to her cousin?"

She pondered a little while.

"I don't believe," thought Miss Fanny, "that she is engaged to him."

Miss Fanny was pleased with that thought, because she meant to be engaged to him herself, if it proved to be true, as every body declared, that he had ten or fifteen thousand a year. Upon such annual terms who would not consent to breathe in a vacuum?

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WARNING AND A LOVE-LETTER.

The day before he left Delafield Abel Newt went into Marm Wumley's shop. She was sitting by the door. Hosea smoked by the window.

"Marm Wumley, may I ask a favor?" said Abel.

"Sartain, Mr. Abel. What d'yer want me to do?"

"Marm Wumley, I want you to let me just leave a little note for you to slip into the next parcel you send up to Pinewood. You send every few days, don't you?"

"Oh, bless you, yes; sometimes e'ena'most every day. I've got suthin' here now that the old man's a going along up with, bimebye."

Hosea puffed placidly at the window, and looked and listened.

"You've no objection, Hosea?" said Abel.

"I see no harm into it," replied the old man. "But why don't you carry it yourself?"

"Because old Mr. Burt doesn't want to have fellows round his place."

"Lord! Lord!" ejaculated Hosea; "when will people learn wisdom? Yer can't shet out the air, and yer can't shet out love. Old Burt oughter know that his grand-daughter'll fall in love. When on airth will folks learn 'tain't no use? I learned it long ago. Ef yer've got any thing to send I'll take it, ef it's all right and proper."

Abel flouted the idea of any impropriety. He explained to the old man that it was only a note, in which he took leave of Miss Wayne. "There," said he, "I'll just put it into this bundle, and she'll find it. Good-by and thank you, Marm Wumley. Good-by, Hosea."

He went out and disappeared. Marm Wumley asked her spouse if he thought it quite right to carry notes from young men to young women.

"Bless yer soul!" replied he, "do yer think a chap won't tell a girl when he's in love with her, somehow or another? Yer can't help it no way. I'd jes as lieve help him say it as not. Saying ain't nothin'; it's only the doin'. I shall take it up and give that pooty girl a bit o' my mind."

Puff—puff—puff. Hosea Wumley smiled as if, in such a plain case as this, it was entirely unnecessary to repeat his usual formula.

When he came to Pinewood he asked to see Miss Hope alone. The old man looked at her kindly as he handed her the bundle.

"Yer'll find a note in that air," said he.

"A note, Hosea—who from?"

"Yer'll find out fast enough. Only don't open the bundle till ye're quite alone. And, Miss Hope, would ye pardon an old man for speaking his mind?"

Hope Wayne looked at him pleasantly, and answered,

"I could easily promise to pardon every thing you would say to me."

"Wa'al, then, this 'ere note comes from somebody who ain't a boy no longer. He ain't very old, nuther; but he's dreffle sly. That's all. Good-mornin', Miss Hope. He's sly."

Hosea stood looking at the young girl for several minutes, and slowly shook his head, doubtfully.

"No," said he to himself at length as he turned away—"no—no—no. Yer may build walls high's the sky, and give advice till yer black in the face, and warn folks and warn 'em over agin, but it's all fixed from the fust. It'll all go on jes the same. 'Tain't no use at all—'tain't no use!"

The old man went out and lighted his pipe in the kitchen, and puffed vehemently as he passed down the avenue.

Hope Wayne went to her room and opened the bundle. She found the note and read it.

"I can not bear to part so, and yet I must go without seeing you again. Perhaps you think me a mere school-boy whom you will forget to-morrow. But I am older than boys generally are when they leave school. I feel as much a man as if I were forty, and, Miss Wayne, I shall not forget you to-morrow. I wish I could have seen more of you, for I am sure that our tastes would sympathize in so many ways. Will you pardon me if I say that I felt how superior you are to many of the heartless and wicked conventions of society which are so injurious to character? You say that you draw from books, and from the same sources I know you have learned how little freedom of friendship there is in the world, and yet how much misery that freedom would prevent. Your grandfather was perhaps wise in secluding you. But I think we should have been friends could we have known each other. I am going. I know not what I shall do. I am young, and long years of toil lie before me. You are beautiful and your career begins. How often I shall hear of you! How glad I shall be of your happiness! Of me you will not hear—unless some day I should realize my dream and make a name of which no woman need be ashamed. Good-by, Miss Wayne. Think sometimes, in the midst of splendor and flattery, of these golden years—of this quiet village—of the lawn on which we met—of the old church in which I have indeed worshiped. Think of me as kindly as you can—as of one whose life will be governed by his feeling of what you would have approved—of one whose first dream must be his last, whom many sweet voices may woo, but whom one memory has forever won. Good-by! And as you sit by the window shaded by the pine, listen to its rustling, and let its sad tone remind you sometimes of what might have been."

At the bottom of the page was a line—"*Turn over.*"

Hope mechanically turned and read:

"If Miss Wayne should ever have occasion to call upon my services in New York, a letter addressed to the care of Boniface Newt, Esq., will be sure to find me."

That was all. She held the paper in her hand and sat motionless for a long time. Was it an improper letter? Was it any thing more than a respectful farewell? He declared nothing—he claimed nothing—he renounced nothing. He was modest and manly. He regretted the want of free friendship in the world—who does not? thought Hope—and especially between young people of different sexes. He was so gentle and considerate:—she remembered that handsome face. He was so thoughtful and respectful:—she heard again the low music of that voice. He was— What was he not in the girl's reverie as she held the letter like a charm in her hands—listened to her siren fancy as it sung of her hero, and finally lifting the paper with a burning and flushing face, although no one was looking, pressed it long and ardently to her lips?

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW YORK MERCHANT.

Mr. Lawrence Newt sat in his office. It was upon South Street, and the windows looked out upon the shipping in the East River—upon the ferry-boats incessantly crossing—upon the lofty town of Brooklyn opposite, with its ranges of spires. He heard the sailors sing in the ships—the oaths of the stevedores—the bustle of the carts and the hum and scuffle of the passers-by. As he sat at his table he saw the ships haul into the stream—the little steamers that puffed alongside bringing the passengers, then, if the wind was not fair, pulling and shoving the huge hulks into a space large enough for them to manage themselves in.

Sometimes he watched the parting of passengers at the wharf when the wind was fair, and the ship could sail from her berth. The vast sails were slowly unfurled, were shaken out, hung for a few moments, then shook lazily, then filled round and full with the gentle, steady wind. Mr. Lawrence Newt laughed as he watched, for he thought of fine ladies taking their hair out of curl-papers, and patting and smoothing and rolling it upon little sticks and over little fingers until the curls stood round and full and ready for action.

Then the ship moved slowly, almost imperceptibly, from the wharf—so slowly, so imperceptibly, that the people on board thought the city was sliding away from them. The merchant saw the solid, trim, beautiful vessel turn her bow southward and outward, and glide gently down the river. Her hull was soon lost to his eyes, but he could see the streamer fluttering at the mast-head over the masts of the other vessels. While he looked it vanished—the ship was gone.

Often enough Mr. Lawrence Newt stood leaning his head against the window-frame of his office after the ship had disappeared, and seemed to be looking at the ferry-boats or at the lofty town of Brooklyn. But he saw neither. Faster than ship ever sailed—or wind blew—or light flashed—the thought of Lawrence Newt darted, and the merchant, seemingly leaning against his office-window in South Street, was really sitting under palm-trees, or dandling in a palanquin, or chatting in a strange tongue, or gazing in awe upon snowier summits than the villagers of Chamouni have ever seen.

And what was that dark little hand he seemed to himself to press?—and what were those eyes, soft depths of exquisite darkness, into which through his own his soul seemed to be sinking?

There were clerks busily writing in the outer office. It was dark in that office when Mr. Newt first occupied the rooms, and Thomas Tray, the book-keeper, who had the lightest place, said that the eyes of Venables, the youngest clerk, were giving out. Young Venables, a lad of sixteen, supported a mother and sister and infirm father upon his five hundred dollars a year.

"Eyes giving out in my service, Thomas Tray! I am ashamed of myself."

And Lawrence Newt hired the adjoining office upon the front, knocked down all the walls, and introduced so much daylight that it shone not only into the eyes of young Venables, but into those of his mother and sister and infirm father.

It was scratch, scratch, scratch, all day long in the clerks' office. Messengers were coming and going. Samples were bringing in. Draymen came for orders. Apple-women and pie-men dropped in about noon, and there were plenty of cheap apples and cheap jokes when the peddlers were young and pretty. There is something so blithe in mere youth! Every clerk jokes so naturally with a pretty peddler! Customers came and brother merchants, who went into Mr. Lawrence Newt's room. They talked China news and South American news and Mediterranean news. Their conversation was full of romantic names, and mentioned places of which poems and histories have been written. They joked complacent jokes. They gossiped a little when business had been discussed. So young Whitloe was really to marry Magot's daughter, and the Doolittle money would go to the Magots after all! And old Jacob Van Boozenberg had actually left off knee-breeches and white cravats and none of his directors knew him when he came into the Bank in modern costume. And there was no doubt that Mrs. Dagon wore cotton lace at the Orrys', for Winslow's wife said she saw it with her own eyes.

The gossip had not so poetic a flavor as the business talk. But it is sweet to know that there is no monopoly of gossip. Men and women breathe the same air. Scandal, like the sun, shines for all. It knows no sex. No philosopher, on the grand tour from a distant planet, could doubt that it was confined to petticoats and chambers up town, until he went into offices and banks down town.

Mr. Lawrence Newt's talk ceased with that about business. When the other set in, his mind seemed to set out. He stirred the fire if it were winter. He stepped into the outer office. He had a word for Venables. Had Miss Venables seen the new novel by Mr. Bulwer? It is called "Pelham," and will be amusing to read aloud in the family. Will Mr. Venables call at Carvilles's on his way up, have the book charged to Mr. Lawrence Newt, and present it, with Mr. Newt's compliments, to his sister? If it were summer he opened the window, when it happened to be closed, and stood by it, or drew his chair to it and looked at the ships and the streets, and listened to the sailors swearing when he might have heard merchants, worth two or three hundred thousand dollars each, talking about Mrs. Dagon's cotton lace!

One day he sat at his table writing letters. The state of the office, outside and in, might be called a scratchy silence. There was an awful sensation of the intensest activity in that particular spot, of the mystery which is called business. Yet the sun that day did not see more willing workers; did not see a row of pleasanter faces than were bending over large books in odoriferous red Russia binding, and little books in leather covers, and invoices and sheets of letter paper, in the outer office of Lawrence Newt.

A lad entered the office and stood at the door impressed by the silent activity he beheld. He did not speak; the younger clerks looked up a moment—then went on with their work. It was clearly packet-day.

The lad remained silent for so long a time, as if his profound respect for the industry he saw before him would not allow him to speak, that Thomas Tray looked up at last, and said,

"Well, Sir?"

"May I see Mr. Newt, Sir?"

"In the other room," said Mr. Tray, with his goose-quill in his mouth, nodding his head toward the inner office, and turning over with both hands a solid mass of leaves in his great, odoriferous red Russia book, and letting them gently down—as proud of that clearly-written, massive work, containing an accurate biography of Lawrence Newt's business, as Lord Dufferin of his yacht *Foam*, stored for a trip to Spitzbergen.

The youth tapped at the glass-door. Mr. Newt said, "Come in," and when the door opened looked up, and still holding his pen with the ink in it poised above the paper, he said, kindly, "Well, Sir? Be short. It's packet-day."

"I want a place, Sir."

"What kind of a place?"

"In a store, Sir."

"I'm sorry I'm all full. But sit down while I finish these letters. Then we'll talk about it."

LITERARY.

The April number of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, published by the United States Agricultural Society, has been received. It is sent free of charge to all its members, and contains a full account of the last or seventh annual meeting, from which we learn that they have been actively and usefully engaged in the cause of enlightened agriculture. During the second day's session a very interesting lecture was delivered on the subject of Nitrogen, by Professor Clemson, which was illustrated by experiments. Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, during the third day's session, delivered a valuable lecture on Meteorology as connected with Agriculture, which will be published by the Society, and a sufficient number of copies placed at the disposal of the learned Professor.

We find in the pages of the periodical before us a paper on Agricultural Statistics, from the American Geographical and Statistical Society to the United States Agricultural Society, making suggestions to the latter of the importance of complete Agricultural schedules for the census of 1860. Valuable remarks are appended to this communication by the editor. We also find a very interesting article on the Domestication of the Elk, and a valuable Report of the Agricultural Exhibitions of 1858. All the extracts are selected with great care. Indeed, the manner in which the journal is conducted reflects much credit on Mr. Ben Perley Poore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

The St. Joseph correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* notices the arrival at that place of 100 Pike's Peakers, who give deplorable accounts of mining prospects and suffering on the Plains. It is estimated that 20,000 men are now on their way, all or most of whom, destitute of money and the necessaries of life, are perfectly reckless. Desperate threats are made of burning Omaha, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, and other towns, in consequence of the deception used to induce emigration. Two thousand men are reported fifty miles west of Omaha, in a starving condition. Some of the residents of Plattesmouth have closed up their business and fled, fearing violence at the hands of the enraged emigrants.

The *Rocky Mountain News* of April 23, the first paper published in the mining region, is received. It contains voluminous gold news, all of a favorable character.

LETTER FROM COUNT CAVOUR.

Count Cavour, the Sardinian Prime Minister, has written the following letter to an Italian in this city:

"Turin, *February* 16, 1859.

"My Dear Sir,—I have received the letter addressed to me from New York, the 29th of January last, and I hasten to express my appreciation of the sentiments therein expressed, so honorable to yourself and our countrymen resident in the United States.

"Certainly the offer made by the Italian emigrants there, to enter the ranks of the Sardinian army, in case of war between Piedmont and Austria, proves a generous disposition, and can not but be gratifying to the Government to which such a noble offer is made. But it is well that you should know, and inform the Italians in America, that even in case of such eventualities as above alluded to, the Government is not in need of the elements whence to form good soldiers and officers for the ranks of the Sardinian army. These elements are already superabundant in Piedmont. What is really needed is not so much military assistance as money. While grateful, therefore, for this offer, and fully appreciating the sentiments that inspired it, the Sardinian Government does not consider it expedient that it should be accepted, there being, as above stated, already here a superabundance of military element.

"I believe that the greater part of our countrymen now in America can as effectually serve the Italian cause by remaining in the United States, and using their influence in favor of our efforts, as by returning to Italy.

* * * * * * *

"Receive, then, the assurances of my high consideration.
C. Cavour."

RISE IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A rise in the River Mississippi, almost unprecedented in rapidity, occurred on Saturday, commencing at an early hour. It rose so fast that the men who were deputed by some merchants to remove a quantity of grain from the wharf were unable to do so before the water had mounted upon the pile, submerging one pier and part of another. In the course of a few hours in the morning freight on the wharf was so disposed of as to leave a space of ten or fifteen feet as a bed for the encroaching water. We had the curiosity to measure accurately, on Saturday, the amount of rise in thirty-five minutes, and found it to be two inches. It could not have continued swelling at that rapid rate all day, however, for the total rise in the twenty-four hours ending at 10 A.M. yesterday was about two feet and six inches. From 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock—six hours—the rise was only one inch; and the river is expected to be found declining or at a stand this morning. The last boat from the Missouri reports not only a great outpouring of the Lower Missouri and its tributaries, but another and unexpected swell at St. Jo; and people just down from that neighborhood shake their heads, and say, "There's no mistake about an awful flood coming from all along the Missouri." At Dubuque, on Friday, the Mississippi was swelling fast, and at St. Paul the rise has taken a new and very impulsive start. In addition to this, we have information that the Illinois is swelling, not only at the lower end, but from Lasalle and the head-waters.

PERSONAL.

Raffaele Settembrini, the third officer of the Galway steamer *Adelaide*, now in port, is the brave and affectionate son of one of the Bomba exiles who were recently landed at Cork, and who, at the risk of his liberty, attempted to rescue his father from a Neapolitan vessel in the harbor of Cadiz, but failed; after which he went on board the ship *David Stewart*, the vessel chartered to bring the exiles to this country, and when the latter vessel had left Cadiz, presented a protest to the captain of the ship against bringing the exiles to the United States, and through whose efforts and determination the vessel entered Cork harbor, where the exiles were landed.

The Rev. Dr. Cummings, of this city, delivered an address in Boston, May 15, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the House of the Angel Guardian (Roman Catholic). The Doctor stated that this enterprise was in reality founded by his Holiness the Pope, to whom he (Dr. C.) had personally represented the nature of the work. The Pope granted indulgences to all who should become benefactors of the institution.

Out in Ohio, the other day, Miss Goss recovered $1500 from her lover, Smook, the son of a substantial farmer, for neglecting to marry her, after many years' "sparking." It is said that both Miss Goss and Mr. Smook are well satisfied with the result.

Mrs. Clarissa Williams, who was one hundred and one years old on the 14th of April, lives in Oxford, Connecticut. Up to the 1st of May, she was about the house, working every day, as "smart" as many younger women. Between the 1st of February and the 7th of March, she knit two pairs of long stockings, of yarn spun by herself since she was one hundred years old. General Washington staid at her father's house one night during the Revolution. She was spinning, with some other young ladies, when he arrived, and she says that he sat down and "talked as chipper as any young boy." In answer to an inquiry, "What sort of a looking man he was?" she said, "He had dark hair, braided in a long queue, earlocks curled, foretop cut square, white skin, and as handsome as a picture."

"Burleigh" (the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith), the industrious New York correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, asserts that the woman who was named in connection with Mr. Sickles, as at Barnum's Hotel with him, was "of much standing"—whatever that may be—"that her husband was in court—that if the matter had been made public he would have shot Sickles on the box where he stood on trial. So, to save double bloodshed and murder, the matter was hushed up."

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Osgood of Springfield celebrated their golden wedding on Monday evening, in company with twenty or thirty children and grand-children, and scores of friends.

The Senior Class of Harvard College have voted by a large majority to invite the President, the Rev. Dr. Walker, to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon this year.

Miss Way and Professor Wilson left New Orleans, the 3d inst., in a balloon, came down too low, the anchor caught in a tree, and they had to remain all night, suspended at some forty feet above the earth, and not able to descend on account of the darkness. Finally, when day came, Miss Way let herself down, with the aid of a rope, and went in search of help. The balloon was got down safely.

Mr. Thomas Ball, the sculptor, of Boston, is to make an equestrian statue of Washington, of bronze, after a model recently exhibited in Boston. The statue is to be placed in Boston Common. It is to cost $15,000; the money to be raised by a fair in October. The same artist is to make a statue of Webster, in bronze, for the New England Society of this city.

Mr. George Sumner, brother of Senator Sumner, has been selected by the city authorities of Boston to deliver the oration at the forthcoming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The *Courier*, in alluding to the fact says: "We believe it is fifty-one years ago this year since Mr. Sumner's father, the late Sheriff Sumner, delivered a Fourth-of-July oration before the Republican Association of Boston."

Intelligence has recently been received of the death of Dr. Henry Abbott, at Kafr-el-Aish, on the 30th of March last. He has been for a long time ill, and has gradually grown worse since the death of his brother, Dr. George Abbott, at Alexandria, in January, a loss which he felt severely. Dr. Abbott originally entered the service of Mohammed Ali as a surgeon, but afterward settled at Cairo as a physician, where he married an Eastern lady. It was here that he made the valuable Egyptian collection, which is well known as the best in the world. He expended upon it over $100,000, and sent it to this country for exhibition. It is hoped that this collection, which probably could not be replaced for any sum, will be deposited in the New York Historical Society, as it can be purchased for only $30,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

NO BATTLE YET.

BY the *City of Baltimore* we have dates to 12th May. There had been as yet no battle between the Austrians and the Allies. The movements of the former were inexplicable, but it was believed they were waiting for favorable weather. The Austrians apparently exhibited much indecision, and kept occupying places and then abandoning them. There had indeed been no material change in affairs since the departure of the *Canada*. Heavy rains had prevailed, and continued up to the latest accounts. The Austrians were fortifying their position on the Sezia. The Austrians were suffering much from sickness. The latest Turin telegraph says that the Austrians were recrossing the Sezia in haste. A bulletin from Vienna explains that the Austrians had taken up a position between the Po and Sezia rivers, to await better weather before resuming the offensive. The Austrians were expected soon to have three quarters of a million of men under arms. The Austrians had declared Ancona in a state of siege. The Pope had protested against this action, and Austria was to reconsider it. The Sardinian General, Della Marmora, had made the River Dora his strategical line.

SKIRMISH ON THE PO.

The Austrians had crossed the Po near Candia, and advanced toward Sala.

They also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 3d of May. The Sardinian account of the latter effort says the cannonade lasted fifteen hours. It recommenced on the afternoon of the 4th, and lasted the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered severely.

Per contra, the official bulletin from General Giulai reports: "On Wednesday we made a demonstration near Candia and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornate we have thrown a bridge over the Po, have crossed it, and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on the railroad near Verona, a train filled with troops came in collision with some ammunition wagons, and some exploded. Twenty-three men were killed and 124 wounded."

AUSTRIAN MOVEMENTS.

The Austrians, on the 3d, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Vallenza, without much effect.

An official bulletin, issued at Turin on the 4th, says the Austrians have increased their forces at Vercelli, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Trino and Pobrietto, having their vanguard at Tronzano. They withdrew last night from Tortona. Yesterday they burned seven arches of the bridge over the Scrivia at Placenza. They have also ordered the demolition of the houses erected upon the fortifications.

THEIR STRATEGICAL MANŒUVRES.

The *Suisse* says: "Our private accounts inform us that Piedmont is making arrangements for preventing the Austrians from establishing themselves too strongly in the mountainous part of the district of Novara. A battery of artillery and some troops have arrived at Domo d'Ossola; united with the National Guard, which is strongly organized, they will offer a sufficient resistance to any *coup de main*. Garibaldi, moreover, is expected to occupy Biella, Bannes, etc., with several battalions of volunteers.

"The various bulletins that have reached us from Turin state that the Austrians have augmented the garrison and war *materiel* of Ancona. They have also occupied Mortara with twenty thousand men. Almost all the troops stationed at Piacenza have left, and the Austrian authorities have proclaimed the state of siege. The arrival and departure of French troops at Turin and Genoa continue amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. The Austrians have entered the Duchy of Modena at Reggio. The valley of Scrivia is strongly occupied by the French. The Piedmontese *Gazette* announces that, during the temporary absence of General La Marmora, Count Cavour will control the Departments of War and Marine."

WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO.

A Turin letter says: "If the Austrians have but 120,000 men on the field, as we are told, no doubt the Franco-Sardinians (or *Itale Franchi*, as they are here called), are not inferior in numbers. The Austrians have, however, unreasonably extended their line of operations, if they mean to attack both Vercelli and Casale on one side the Montferrat hills, and Novi and Alessandria on the other side. My opinion is that the occupation of Novara is but a feint; and that the real attack will be made upon the fortresses. Austria will thus take the bull by the horns; but it was very evident that she could neither advance upon Turin without exposing her flank to her foes at Casale, nor yet attack Novi without running the risk of an attack from Alessandria. Novi is, besides, within reach of constant, rapid, and almost unlimited succor from Genoa."

WHY THEY WERE SO SLOW.

The tardiness of the Austrians in making the attack excited much surprise, and was variously speculated upon. The London *Times* thinks they have thrown away the opportunity which they at first possessed. The inaction is probably caused by the artificial inundations made by Sardinia, aided by heavy rains, which obliged the troops in some places to recross the Po.

APPEAL OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR TO HIS TROOPS.

On the 27th inst., his Majesty the Emperor dispatched the subjoined address to the forces forming the Second Army, which, as you are aware, is under the command of the Feldzeugmeister Count Giulai:

"After fruitless attempts to secure peace for my Empire, without compromising its dignity, I am necessitated to have recourse to arms.

"With confidence I confide the rights of Austria to the best hands—to the hands of a tried and gallant army.

"Your fidelity and bravery, your exemplary discipline, the justice of the cause which you defend, and a glorious past, guarantee to me your success.

"Soldiers of the Second Army! it is for you to secure victory to the spotless flag of Austria. Take with you into battle the blessing of God and the confidence of your Emperor. FRANCIS JOSEPH."

PROCLAMATION OF THE INVADERS.

General Giulai has issued the following:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF SARDINIA,—In crossing your frontiers, it is not against you, people of Sardinia, that we direct our arms, but against a small destructive party, powerful by its boldness, which oppresses you by its violence, rejects all offers of peace, and attacks the rights of the other Italian States, and even those of Austria. The imperial eagles, if you salute them on their arrival without anger and without resistance, will bring you order, tranquillity, moderation; and the peaceable citizen may be assured that liberty, honor, the laws, and property shall be respected and protected as inviolable and sacred things. The constant discipline, which in the imperial troops is equal to their valor, is a guarantee for my word. Interpreting to you the generous sentiments of my august Emperor and master, I, while treading your soil, proclaim and repeat that this war is intended neither against the people nor against the nation, but against a subversive party, which, under the specious mask of liberty, would deprive the whole world of it, if the God of armies was not also the God of nations. When your adversary and ours shall have been vanquished, when order and peace shall have been restored, you, who may now call us your enemies, will soon consider us as your liberators and friends."

MOVEMENTS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

A letter from Vienna of the 2d says: "The departure of the Emperor for Italy has again been adjourned. It is said, however, that in a few days his Majesty will accompany the Empress to Munich and Possenhofen, and will then proceed to Italy; but according to another version the Emperor will go to Berlin, and afterward by way of Bavaria to Innspruck, where he will meet the Empress, and from Innspruck will proceed to Verona to join the army."

FRENCH DECLARATION OF WAR.

The following has been published: "Austria, in causing her army to enter the territories of the King of Sardinia, our ally, declares war against us. She thus violates treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. All the great Powers have protested against this aggression Piedmont having accepted the conditions which ought to have insured peace, one asks what can be the reason of this sudden invasion? It is that Austria has brought matters to this extremity, that she must either rule up to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic; for in this country every corner of territory which remains independent endangers her power.

"Hitherto moderation has been the rule of my conduct; now energy becomes my first duty. Let France arm, and resolutely tell Europe, 'I desire not conquest, but I desire firmly to maintain my national and traditional policy. I observe the treaties on condition that no one shall violate them against me. I respect the territories and the rights of neutral Powers; but I boldly avow my sympathies for a people whose history is mingled with our own, and who groan under foreign oppression.'

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. She has been pleased to give me a power strong enough to reduce into nonentity the abettors of disorder and the incorrigible members of those old factions whom one incessantly sees confederating with our enemies; but she has not for all that abdicated her task of civilization. Her natural allies have always been those who desire the improvement of the human race; and when she draws the sword it is not to dominate, but to liberate.

WHAT IS THE EMPEROR'S OBJECT?

"The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself, not to impose upon her a change of masters, and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe to us their independence. We do not go into Italy to foment disorder or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon his throne, but to remove from him this foreign pressure, which weighs upon the whole Peninsula, and to help to establish there order based upon legitimate satisfied interests.

"We are going, then, to seek upon this classic ground, illustrated by so many victories, the footsteps of our fathers. God grant that we may be worthy of them! I am going soon to place myself at the head of the army. I leave in France the Empress and my son. Seconded by the experience and the enlightenment of the last surviving brother of the Emperor, she will understand how to show herself equal to the grandeur of her mission. I confide them to the valor of the army which remains in France to watch our frontiers and to protect our homes; I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard; I confide them, in a word, to the entire people, who will encircle them with that affection and devotion of which I daily receive so many proofs.

"Courage then, and union.

"Our country is again about to show the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts, for that cause is holy in the eyes of God which rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and independence. NAPOLEON.

"PARIS, *May* 2, 1859."

PURPOSES OF THE FRENCH.

After the official announcement of the declaration of war to the Senate, M. Troplong said: "I take note of the communication of the Minister of State. If I may be allowed to add a few words to interpret the sense of the acclamations we have just heard, I will say, while our illustrious colleagues the marshals and generals intrusted with commands will maintain the glory of the French name opposite the enemy, the Senators who remain here will not shrink from any act of civil courage or devotion to the Emperor. There will be a rivalry of patriotism between them and us—[applause]—for this is a just war; it is simply a reply to a challenge and an aggression. It is the consequence of a secular policy, which has always been moved by the crises in Italy as if they were events in France. ['Yes, yes,' and applause.] The Emperor can not allow Turin, which is the key of the Alps, no more than Rome, which holds the key of the Church, by the hands of a holy and venerated Pontiff—[great sensation]—to fall under the usurping yoke of an influence hostile to France. [Great applause.] Italy, then, will be restored to her nationality. She will not be revolutionized—['Excellent!']—but liberated—[great applause]—and that beautiful country, threatened with a master, will find a liberator. 'Vive l'Empereur.'" All the members rose and joined in the acclamation.

MOVEMENTS OF NAPOLEON.

The Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by Prince Napoleon, quitted Paris on the 10th for Genoa. The Empress is proclaimed Regent during the Emperor's absence. The Emperor arrived at Marseilles at mid-day on the 12th. He embarked on the *Reine Hortense*, where he received the city authorities, and left at 2 P.M. The Sardinians were preparing a grand reception for Napoleon at Genoa. It was said in Paris that the Emperor expects to be in Milan by the end of May or beginning of June.

RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH AT TURIN.

A letter to the *Times* contains the following: "I have just returned from witnessing the entrance of the first installment, the Nineteenth battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. The National Guards were under arms at six this morning to receive them. It was past eight before they arrived, and at a little before nine they marched down the Via Santa Teresa, which leads direct from the railway terminus into the heart of the city. The reception they met was enthusiastic. The windows were thronged, chiefly by women, and flowers rained upon them. Most of the French had a small bouquet or a flower stuck in the muzzle of their rifles. From all sides the population thronged to see them pass. They were greeted as they moved onward by a running fire of cheers and clapping of hands."

HOW LONG THE WAR IS TO LAST.

A letter to the *Times*, dated Paris, May 2, says:

"At a dinner given to the superior officers of the Imperial Guard by the Emperor before their departure, his Majesty said to the officers on bidding them adieu, 'We are going to have a summer's work of it, but I hope we shall be able to hunt together at Compèigne in September.' His Majesty limits the war to four months. It is said he never appeared so gay and joyous as at present."

BANKRUPTCY OF AUSTRIA.

The official *Wiener Zeitung* publishes the following financial decrees: "The income tax of the third class is to be retained by the Pay Office, immediately upon the interest on the public funds being paid. A loan of 200,000,000 florins (£20,000,000) is ordered, but as it is for the present impossible to contract it, the National Bank will advance two-thirds of the nominal value of the loan in new notes. The third decree releases the National Bank for the present from the obligation of meeting its notes by specie payments. The fourth decree orders that duties and certain excise dues must for the future be paid in silver, or in payable coupons of the national loan."

BANKRUPTCY OF SARDINIA.

The King of Sardinia had issued a decree giving forced currency to the notes of the National Bank. The Turin Bank is, moreover, authorized to issue additional notes to the amount of 6,000,000 francs, and in return therefor engages to lend the Government 30,000,000 francs at two per cent. per annum. The rate of discount is not hereafter to be advanced without the consent of the Minister of Finance.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

At Paris the subscription to the French loan of twenty millions already exceeds forty millions, including a very large number for only ten francs of the annual income. All connected with the Government are expected to take part in this new national demonstration.

The Paris Bourse was flat, and the three per cents. rather lower.

THE WAR FEVER IN ITALY.

At Milan the Italian ladies send a little toy to every able-bodied young man still to be seen in the streets. Upon this is inscribed the words, "Your country will remember the services you have rendered it."

REVOLUTION AT PARMA.

A letter from Parma says: "A public manifestation was yesterday made by the populace before the royal palace. The officers, in the name of the army, demanded the union of their troops with the Piedmontese forces. The Duchess quitted Parma after having appointed a Council of Regency, composed of her Ministers. The Princes have also left this morning. Public order has not been disturbed."

STATE OF ROME.

Rome is most tranquil. The French troops are not to leave. Six thousand Austrians have arrived at Ancona since the 30th, with provisions for six months. Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome on behalf of the child Mortara.

ALL ITALY IN A FERMENT.

The following are further details received from the other parts of Italy: The provisional government of Tuscany has issued a notice announcing that it has appointed M. Giorgio Manin, son of the late Venetian Dictator, to the post of aid-de-camp to General Ulloa, with the grade of Lieutenant of the staff. The provisional prefect of Florence has issued a proclamation recommending the greatest tranquillity under the present circumstances. The *Monitore Toscano* states that the Tuscans had presented an address to the English residents there, and that the latter have replied by another address, in which they plead the difficulties the British Government has to encounter in its relations with foreign states, but declare that their sentiments are in favor of the Italian cause. The Grand Duke of Tuscany has left Ferrara for Bologna. The Tuscan army is actively engaged at present in field practice. Part of the *gendarmerie* of Como, who had received Minié rifles from the Austrian Government, with orders to repair to Milan, have deserted to the Piedmontese. The Austrians have formed a military line from Bologna to Ancona, and comprising Foligno. Letters from Naples state that great activity reigns in the arsenals. A levy is in progress, and secret orders have been sent for every regiment to detach four companies to the Abruzzi. The Duke of Modena has sent 600 men against Massa and Carrara. A Piedmontese detachment with two guns had been sent from La Spezia to oppose them.

UNPOPULARITY OF THE ENGLISH IN ITALY.

An Italian letter says: "A very different sensation has been excited by the arrival of some of the English newspapers, and especially of the *Times* of the 28th of last month. It seems now almost impossible to resist the conviction that there is a party, and a strong party, in England implacably hostile to the Italian cause. The report of an offensive and defensive alliance between France and Russia, ill-grounded as it now seems, was sufficient to enlist England, and with her Prussia and all Germany among the supporters of Austria. Yet if Russia takes arms against Austria, it will only be when England affords her a pretext for it. That a secret understanding exists between Austria and the present—or shall I say late—English Cabinet seems to me very evident, from the fact that Austria sends 8000 men to strengthen the garrison at Ancona. To what purpose should Austria, who is utterly helpless by sea, send so large a force to a sea-port which does not belong to her, and which lies about two hundred miles from the centre of her military operations? Surely Ancona is intended as an English naval and military station the moment England has broken through her thin vail of neutrality; and the fleet sailing from a British harbor with sealed orders, but said to be intended for the Adriatic, is a movement in keeping with the Austrian reinforcements sent to strengthen Ancona."

Such are the surmises of the Italians, and they are of a sufficiently painful character.

PREPARATIONS IN PRUSSIA.

In the Chamber of Deputies the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was, without deviation, pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of national interests and the maintenance of power in Europe; and with these objects in view the army had been placed ready to march. The Finance Minister then moved a temporary addition, for one year, of four million thalers to the income tax, the class tax, and the taxes on meat and corn—the addition to be further increased by 25 per cent. in case the mobilization of the army becomes necessary.

WILL PRUSSIA PRESERVE HER NEUTRALITY?

The Turin correspondent of the *Daily News* asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand men, as the Emperor fears Germany will not remain quiet.

It was reported that the French Government were endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia, and that they had promised, on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be circumscribed to Italy.

BRITISH PREPARATIONS FOR THE WORST.

It was reported in military circles that the Ministers intend to call out the whole militia, and to add fifty new battalions to the line.

Lord Cowley, the British Embassador at Paris, reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

There was considerable animation in the English Naval Department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was actively going on.

THE RUSSO-FRENCH ALLIANCE EXPLODED.

The official journal of St. Petersburg contains the following: "We are authorized to declare in the most positive manner that there exists no treaty of alliance, offensive or defensive, between Russia and any other Power whatsoever. At a moment when all Europe is making maritime or military arrangements on a large scale, the Emperor was obliged to provide, by the means of political prudence, for any emergencies. His Majesty retains in the present juncture entire liberty of action, and, we need hardly add, he is animated only by the sentiment of preserving the dignity of his Crown and the interests of the country."

WAR ITEMS.

The *Daily News* looks for the first battle at Novi.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked with snow. Those who had crossed suffered terribly.

The Emperor of Austria was preparing to take the chief command with General Hess. The latter, it is reported, disapproves of General Gyulai's plan of attack.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of 25,000 men on the shores of the Adriatic.

Marshal Canrobert was said to be directing the operations of the allies from Alessandria.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alessandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

The *Moniteur* denies that France is about to concentrate an army on the Rhine.

The French troops at Rome are to be increased and placed on a war footing.

A dispatch from Rome says that the Pope's Nuncio has been ordered to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig *Triton* had been accidentally blown up while the commander was on shore. The dead, wounded, and missing, were stated to be about eighty. Another report says that a part of the crew were on shore at the time, and that only four were killed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

The *Times* of May 2, in one of its articles, says:

"Saturday, April 30, was the decisive day of the present general election. There remains, it is true, all the counties and Irish boroughs, but still the day was decisive. The returns, as far as we are acquainted with them, give the Tories a gain of twenty-three, and the Liberals a gain of thirteen, leaving a balance in favor of the Tories of ten."

CONVERSION OF LOLA MONTEZ.

The "conversion" of Lola Montez is announced. She has, it is said, quietly settled down a humble, peaceful, exemplary, religious woman, in her own domicile in Piccadilly, London, having amassed a sufficient sum to purchase and pay for a house, which is now the receptacle and centre of a large number of wealthy and pious enthusiasts of London, male and female. Among her most constant and intimate visitors is Mrs. Thistlewaite, formerly an actress, who was familiarly known as Laura Bell, and was about as notorious as Lola herself. About the time that she turned from the error of her ways she won the heart of the rich commoner. She married him, and is now a bright and shining light in Exeter Hall. It was she who was the principal instrument in bringing about Lola's "change of heart." It is said that Mrs. Thistlewaite daily drives her chariot, with four milk-white horses attached, through the streets of London on missions of mercy and religious teachings.

A RARE PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The Ceylon *Observer* says: "Pakier Tamby's gold and jeweled box, surmounted by an elephant, is, after all, to form the main portion of the present to the Princess Royal. A pair of rich pearl bracelets is to be added. The old jeweler told us last evening that he looked more to the honor than to the profit of the transaction, intimating that he had parted with the box below its value. But then, when the Queen and Princess ask, 'Who made this box?' the reply will be 'Pakier Tamby, of Ceylon!—the same whose workmanship, exhibited at Paris, received honorable mention.' And so, he says, his old age will be crowned with honor. A photograph of the old gentleman, in cashmere shawl and full dress, would form no bad accompaniment to the present." The Ceylon *Times* understands "that the pearl necklace subscription, so long in abeyance, has at length been appropriated, though not in the manner originally intended. Sir Charles MacCarthy will, we are told, be the bearer of 'Lankas's Gift' to the Princess Royal of England, now the Princess Frederick William of Prussia. It will consist of a richly worked silver box, mounted on an elegantly carved ebony pedestal, and surmounted by the gold elephant already alluded to as the intended gift. Beside the elephant will be placed a pair of bracelets set with the choicest pearls from the Arippo Fishery.

FRANCE.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

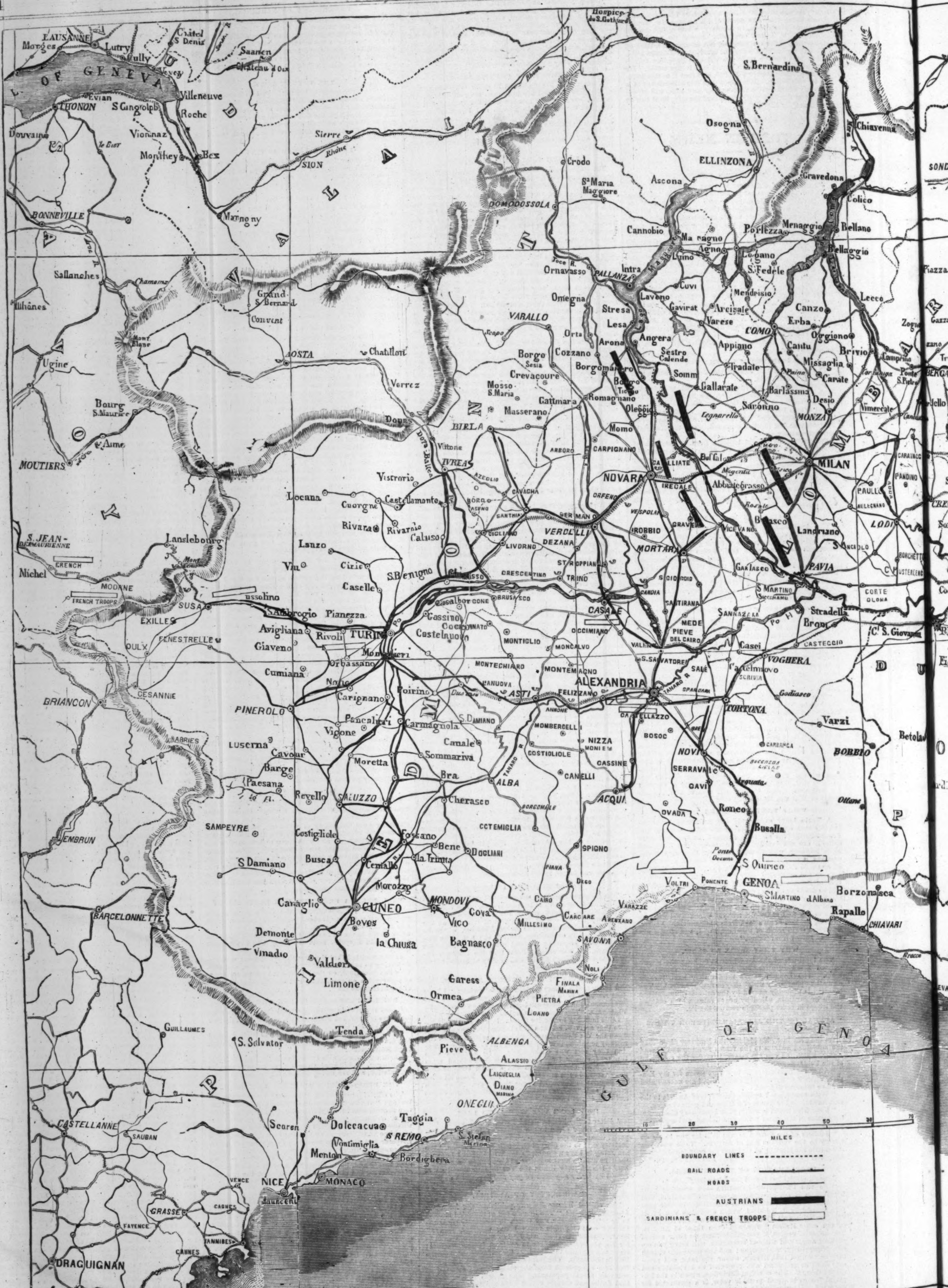
The *Journal du Havre* describes the following extraordinary circumstance which has just occurred in that place: "Two strangers, a man named Leriche, about thirty-five years of age, and a woman called Rachel, aged about forty, arrived there about three months ago, and took a lodging in a house of the Rue d'Albanie. They had, it is said, a sum of 2000 francs in cash when they took the house, but that amount having been exhausted sooner than they expected, they found themselves reduced to a state of distress. They had been in the habit of having their meals brought from a restaurant in the neighborhood. The waiter went to the house as usual one day last week, but found the door shut, and on knocking got no answer. He went again some time after, as well as the following day, but always with the same result. The postman also brought letters addressed to Leriche, but could not get any reply on knocking. Things went on in this way for a week, when the day before yesterday, information having been given to the police of the disappearance of the two, the commissary had the door opened, when a horrible scene presented itself. In a room on the first floor, the doors and windows of which had been hermetically closed by strips of thick paper pasted where any air might enter, they saw two livid heads standing out from under the bedclothes. A large brasier in which charcoal had been placed and burned out stood near the bed, and the room was unbearable from a dreadful stench. On the window being opened and air admitted, one of the persons in the bed, whom they had supposed to be dead, suddenly arose and exclaimed, 'Hush! hush! do not make a noise; he is asleep!' The person thus speaking proved to be the woman; and, in spite of her opposition, the agents approached, and found the body of the man in an advanced state of decomposition, by the side of which the unfortunate woman, who had become a maniac, had been lying for a week, it is believed, without any sustenance. How her constitution had enabled her to withstand not only the fumes of the charcoal, but the pestilential miasma of the room, is a wonder to every one. The appearance of the woman was scarcely human, and she was conveyed to the hospital in a dreadful state of exhaustion." In a subsequent issue, the *Journal du Havre* states that the woman Rachel remains in a desperate state at the hospital of that place. An idea may be formed of the mental torture she must have undergone, from the fact of her hair, during the week, having turned completely gray.

RUSSIA.

DEATH OF MADAME BOSIO.

From the *Journal de St. Petersburg* and other authentic sources we collect the following particulars relating to the illness and death of Madame Bosio:

"After a short absence from St. Petersburg she returned to the Russian capital on Sunday, the 20th of March. On that day Madame Bosio and her husband, M. de Xindevaloins, dined with the Duke de Ossuna, the Embassador from Spain at the Court of St. Petersburg. During dinner she was in good spirits, and conversed with her usual animation and fluency. After her return home in the evening several friends called to bid her farewell before her departure for Paris, which was fixed for the following day. About 10 o'clock she complained of chilliness, and desired to have a shawl. In an hour afterward she became so very ill that she was obliged to retire to bed, from which she never again rose. An unfortunate fatality seemed to hang over her. Dr. Fossé, the physician who had been accustomed to attend her, fell ill after he had made his first visit to her, but he deputed a skillful medical friend to attend to his patient. This gentleman was a military doctor, and Madame Bosio was startled on seeing his uniform. She appeared to doubt his capacity, and would not suffer him to prescribe for her. Another doctor was then sent for, and it would seem that he formed some strange misconception respecting her malady. He treated her for a bilious attack, while in reality she was suffering from pulmonary inflammation. The consequence was that the disorder made rapid progress, and after the lapse of a week the case became so alarming that three other medical men, MM. Karel, Eck, and Kanzler, were summoned. They found the patient in a condition which admitted of little hope. However, all the resources of medical skill were brought into requisition, and Madame Bosio's numerous friends out of Russia may derive some consolation from the assurance that no remedy which medical skill and the kindest solicitude could suggest was left untried. The three physicians above named are the most eminent in Russia. M. Karel visited Madame Bosio five or six times every day, and his colleagues were also in frequent attendance on her. Her own doctor, M. Fossé, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to get out, hurried to see his patient, but she was then beyond the reach of human aid, and she gradually sunk."



A NEW MAP OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY, SHOWI

ING THE SEAT OF WAR, POSITION OF THE ARMIES, ETC.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

WE have gone to very considerable expense for the purpose of presenting our readers with an accurate, and, at the same time, a comprehensive map of the present seat of war in Europe—Northern Italy. The map on the preceding pages comprehends the whole region of country on which the present war will probably be waged; our subscribers should keep it for future reference.

The States which figure on the map are Piedmont and Lombardy in the north; and south of these, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Lucca, and parts of Tuscany and the Papal States. On the north we have glimpses of Switzerland and the Tyrol; on the west the Alps shut out the scene from France; on the east we see the Adriatic. The war will evidently be confined within these limits.

No part of the world is such classic ground as this. At the dawning of authentic history we find the Gauls and Romans contending on the battle-fields of Northern Italy, building a Milan and fighting on the Po. Hannibal's passage of the Ticino was as momentous as the crossing of the same river by the Austrians a month since. It was in Cisalpine Gaul that many of the great contests which led to the overthrow of the Roman republic were waged; it was in the same country that Christianity won some of its first great victories; it was there that the fiercest Middle Age feuds were quenched in blood; it was there that Francis the First "lost all save honor;" there that Napoleon won his name and fame; and there, now at last, that the great contest for the liberty of Italy is to be fought out. Where shall we find such classic ground elsewhere?

Independently of its historic associations, this Northern Italy is a noble region. The territory comprised in Lombardy, Venice, Piedmont, and Savoy, Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, though not quite as large as the State of New York, contains a population of nearly 13,000,000 souls. Of these, only 4,500,000—Sardinians—are free from the direct or indirect sway of Austria. Lombardy, which is part of the Austrian empire, and which is in some respects the finest country—in point of natural advantages—in the world, contains a population of 5,000,000. It once held twice or thrice as many.

Owing to the peculiar physical geography of the country it enjoys every variety of climate. It is but a few hours' journey from frozen lakes and perpetual snow in the Alps of the north to lovely slopes on which the orange and the olive ripen in the open air; and a day or two's sail further south brings the traveler into a perfectly tropical region, under a torrid sun.

The valley of the Po is the temperate zone of this miniature world, and, under a good government, it would be one of the most prosperous countries on the globe. The soil, naturally a rich alluvium, has been irrigated with skill, and cultivated with care. Excellent wheat and all kinds of cereals are produced in abundance; the fruits are very choice; the grape, especially, is produced in great perfection. Neither Europe nor America contains sites more lovely, more fertile, and more healthy than the vicinity of Milan. Of late years industry has been still more successful than agriculture in Lombardy. The largest factories of Austria are situated in Italy. It is in Lombardy that we find the great glass, silk, and woolen factories which yield so large a revenue to the Austrian exchequer. There too are rich mines of various metals which have been worked with profit for centuries. It was this rich back country which made Venice so great five hundred years ago.

Piedmont, or the Kingdom of Sardinia—which constitutes the other half of Northern Italy—is not so favored a region. A great part of its soil is covered with mountains, in whose vicinity the air is cold and damp. Another large section is low and hot; rice is grown there, and fevors abound. Between these, however, and especially behind Genoa, there is a fine tract of country in which wheat is successfully grown, and also oranges, grapes, olives, etc. Latterly industry and commerce have flourished exceedingly in Piedmont. Its silk ranks very high; its olive oils are eagerly sought for; the commerce of Genoa is large and increasing. The Piedmontese have had over their neighbors across the Ticino the remarkable advantage of constitutional freedom. The discretion with which they have used it is a complete answer to those who believe that the Italian is not susceptible of self-government.

The Duchy of Parma, which, though only about as large as Delaware, contains more inhabitants than New Jersey, is also a fine State, teeming with "corn, wine, and oil," and well adapted for successful industry. Under a good government it would soon thrive exceedingly. Modena is about the same size, with the same population. It is more mountainous and less fertile; still produces a good deal of silk, and has a surplus of cereals.

Tuscany, which probably contains 2,000,000 souls, on an area of 8500 square miles, has aspired at the title of being the most polished State of Italy. Perhaps it has succeeded. Unfortunately, in improving the dialect and looking after the interests of art, the Tuscans have so neglected agriculture that they now import grain, even into the far-famed Garden of Paradise, the Val d'Arno. Until very lately, however, the silk and oil works, the mines, and the various art factories have kept the Tuscans in a tolerably prosperous condition, and enabled them to support their Government in good style. Since the Austrians undertook to control Tuscany all kinds of industry, enterprise, and commerce have declined.

Our readers will at once notice the positions at present occupied by the hostile forces. The Austrians crossed the Ticino, we are told, at three points,—threatening Novara, Casale, and Vercelli, and, further north, Brilla and Ivrea, and the northern extremity of the railway from Arona, on Lake Maggiore, to Genoa. Of these points the only one of any strength is Casale, which is an important military position, and has been strengthened at considerable expense. It is the nearest strong place to the Lombard frontier, and was in olden times the scene of many a conflict. The population at the last census was 21,000. Novara is unfortified, though a place of note, with about 20,000 inhabitants. It was in the outskirts of Novara that Charles Albert fought his last unsuccessful battle against Radetsky, on 23d March, 1849. A railway connects Novara with Turin; and if the Austrians occupy it, the first great battle may perhaps be fought in its neighborhood.

The French, as is known, have entered Piedmont on two sides—by the Mont Cenis and by Genoa. Railroads from Susa and from Genoa will enable them, if they choose, to concentrate their forces on Turin in a few hours. The Genoa road passes through Alessandria, which, next to Genoa, is the strongest place in Piedmont; so that, if it be thought advisable, one *corps d'armée* may move directly northward from thence. There are also roads from Alessandria and from Turin to Vercelli, which would enable the French to collect their troops there also.

The first great battle will most probably be fought somewhere between Vercelli, Novara, and Alessandria. The great battle which decided the fate of Napoleon's first Italian campaign was fought on 14th June, 1800, on the plain of Marengo, within sight of the fortress of Alessandria. How the Austrians should have won the day, being two to one, and having the best of the fight for eight hours, every one remembers. Napoleon the Third, fond as he is of anniversaries and curious coincidences, may, perhaps, win another such victory near the same spot before the 14th June of this year.

THE BARBER'S CURLS.

IT was a dark, stormy night in December (how does that sound for a beginning?); the cold was intense, and a dismal storm of sleet and snow was driving like the mischief, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, I was braving it in an open chaise. I was at that time engaged in business in Boston, and had been summoned to one of the neighboring villages on some important matter. Business calls equally urgent now induced the necessity of my speedy return home, even at the sacrifice of exposure to such unpleasant weather.

My faithful little Morgan horse, animated, perhaps, by some reminiscence of his youth, instead of quailing before the storm, seemed to feel himself exhilarated into the wildest spirits. As though of kin with the wind and tempest, he sped on at a furious rate. He evidently felt at home, and put on his mettle.

Neither were my spirits at all dashed. However infirm and decrepit some of my younger friends may consider me now, some ten or twelve years ago—in my youth—I had too much of the tough New England stuff in me to flinch when it came to the pinch (and there is a rhyme, though unintentional; some men are poets in spite of themselves).

Well, as I was saying, I braved the storm with right good will, and had left the village of Concord about two miles behind me, when suddenly my horse shied badly; and peering out to ascertain the cause of this unusual conduct on the part of the faithful fellow, I discerned a dark object on the snow, that looked as if it might be a person, lying a little to one side of the road.

Knowing well that no human being could survive exposure to the cold of such a night, I sprang from my vehicle to see if it really were some poor creature whom it was my duty to save from perishing.

I found my surmise correct. The form was that of a woman—of what age or condition the darkness prevented my discerning; but my duty was equally clear in any case, for the individual, whoever it was, was evidently benumbed by the cold, and fast sinking into that torpor whence there is no awaking. I raised her, and lifted her into my vehicle, designing to convey her to the nearest dwelling where she could receive aid and shelter. I wrapped her in a thick extra shawl I had, as well as in the buffalo robe, and pushed the warm brick my kind landlady had caused to be put in the chaise for me under her feet. I then drove on, musing on the pleasing theme of my own philanthropy.

Ere long, however, this comfortable state of spiritual self-complacency was succeeded by a less satisfactory feeling. I began to fear that the lady was actually dead, and that, all things considered, the position in which I found myself was far from enviable. Here was I driving round the country at night with a corpse. Suppose I were to stop and propose getting rid of it at some farm-house, who was going to believe my improbable story of having picked it up on the road-side? From this point my imagination traveled rapidly on, till in a trice I had my jury convened, my judge with his black cap on, even my gallows erected, and myself making my last dying speech and confession to the gaping crowd below. The story in the Arabian Nights recurred to me, where innocent individuals, one after another, found themselves saddled with the corpse of the little hunchback. I admired the ingenuity with which they successively shuffled off the responsibility; but my invention, less fertile than that of these Eastern fellows, was so long in devising a plausible scheme by which I could extricate myself, that all occasion for any passed. My corpse began to revive—to move—to utter expressions of bewilderment—and then a very natural and rational request to know where and with whom it was.

Much relieved, and amiably disposed in consequence, I gave all the information in my power, detailing to the lady the situation in which I had found her, as well as my intentions with regard to her. Just as I had finished, and ere I had had time to satisfy my own curiosity as to the name, condition, etc., of my companion, we came to a large, comfortable-looking farm-house, and, at a hint from her, I alighted to see if shelter could be obtained for her. But as it was now near the dead hour of nine, no knocks or calls of mine could divert the sturdy sleepers from the absorbing occupation which engrossed all their powers.

I was nearly out of patience, for it was confoundedly cold, and the snores of the old gentleman who slept in the lower story—and which I could plainly hear—were very aggravating, when the lady called to me to desist; and when I had resumed my seat in the chaise she said, hurriedly,

"I have taken a sudden resolution. I am going to do a very imprudent, perhaps a very improper thing; but surely I have already reason to be convinced that you are a man of kindness and honor, and I will trust you. You have mentioned that you are going direct to Boston. It was the intelligence of the dangerous illness of a near relative in that city that induced me to set out this afternoon on foot—being unable to procure a conveyance—to meet the cars at Concord station. I had gone but a short distance, I think, ere I was overcome by the force of the storm and the cold, and should certainly have been dead ere morning but for your charity, Sir." Her voice sunk to a low, tremulous tone as she uttered the last words, and I thought I had never heard accents so sweet. She resumed, after a moment's pause:

"But as I was going to say, Sir, it is now, of course, too late for me to take the cars to-night; every moment is invaluable to me; would you, then, think me too troublesome, or presuming, if I begged to retain the seat I now occupy till we reach the city? Remember it is for the sake of reaching a sick, perhaps a dying mother, that I plead," she added, as though fearing a refusal or misinterpretation.

Of course nothing was farther from my thoughts. I was charmed with the proposal, with my companion, with the adventure altogether. I had already settled in my mind several important points respecting the lady. First, that she was a lady—a true, delicate, refined lady. I was assured of it by her bearing, at once modest and gracious; by her well-bred self-possession; and, above all, by the purity and exactness of her enunciation, to say nothing of the sweet and silvery voice that made each clearly-articulated word ring like music. Then she was young: a certain freshness and vivacity, mingled with timidity, satisfied me of that. Her conversation left me in no doubt but that she was intelligent and highly educated; and that she was beautiful I conjectured from the long, soft curl that every now and then—escaping from under her vail—was carried by the wind against my cheek. I began to suffer from an agonizing fit of curiosity; but the lady, with provoking adroitness, coolly parried all my various ingenious manœuvres to discover her name and history. Nothing beyond the information she had volunteered could I elicit.

I felt myself foiled for the time, but I was resolved nothing should prevent my using the first peep of daylight to the best advantage. But, unfortunately, it was still quite dark when we reached the city, and the stores being all closed, and the lamps giving but a dim light through the snow-storm, I was entirely unable to penetrate beyond the thick vail in which my dame of mystery shrouded herself.

On passing a livery-stable she begged me to stop, and saying she knew the people there, desired me to procure her a conveyance. In vain I suggested the propriety of driving her myself to her residence, particularly as there were no vehicles on the stand at that unusual hour. The lady was firm in desiring that one should be got ready for her. While waiting for this to be done, I resumed my seat in the chaise, determined to make the best use possible of my brief remaining time to obtain the information I so much coveted. As a last bold resource I asked her outright, making a playful appeal to her compassion to gratify my excited curiosity. She replied gravely, and with feeling:

"Do not think me ungrateful, Sir; indeed I am not. You have this night made me everlastingly your debtor. I feel most profoundly the goodness and delicacy with which you have treated me, and for this very reason, perhaps, I can not bear to make myself known to you thus and now. At some future time, if I can gain the courage, I may reveal myself to you. Meanwhile you shall not part from me without a special mark of my regard and gratitude. Have you a penknife?"

I handed her one without knowing what she meant; but the next moment she took my hand and put within it a long curl, which she had severed from her head, saying:

"There! that is the key to a riddle. Solve it when and how you will—the sooner the better; but whatever time may elapse ere we meet again, remember that to show me this curl is to claim a warm and grateful friend."

The carriage was now ready. I placed her within it; as I did so, detaining her little gloved hand just a moment in mine—the only liberty I ventured upon—and she was gone.

There now, what do you think of that for an adventure? Realize the combination of interesting circumstances: Dark, stormy night—lonely drive—rescue of an individual from death by freezing—discovery that said individual was a lady—sweet-voiced, young, lovely, interesting, and grateful to me. Is it any wonder that my imagination was excited, and that when, by the morning light, I perceived that my tress of hair was a long, soft curl, of the most exquisite and rare shade of golden auburn, I came to a very decided resolution to trace out my lovely unknown without loss of time, and pursue my romance a little farther?

I set to work at once the very next day; and of course my first recourse was to the driver of the hack that had conveyed the lady home. But he had evidently been bribed to silence; and all the counter-corruption I could offer could not make him swerve from his fidelity—a man of rare and marvelous honesty!

Much disappointed, I was obliged to direct my efforts elsewhere. I will not tire you with all my various plans and schemes; enough that I essayed every thing an active imagination and earnest will could suggest to discover my fair unknown. I went more frequently than ever before to places of public and private amusement, in hopes of somewhere seeing the fellows to my dear little, lonely curl. I even got into a way of dashing out from our counting-house, whenever I could command a few minutes, to take a turn in Washington Street, or on the mall, peeping into every bonnet I met in search of hair of a certain shade. I knew I could not mistake were I ever to see it. But alas! all was in vain. I saw tresses of every hue, from blonde to black, except just the sunny auburn I sought.

Total want of success at length somewhat damped my enthusiasm, especially as my mind began to be occupied and harassed by other thoughts. A severe monetary crisis was convulsing the business world, and our firm, having already sustained heavy losses, was becoming more and more seriously involved. We were making a desperate effort to push through, but were not without our misgivings as to whether that were possible.

A note of ours for ten thousand dollars falling due in a few weeks was what gave us most uneasiness. It was useless to think of raising the funds to meet it on a loan, for our credit was already stretched to its utmost, and we relied for this emergency solely on the payment of a note of equal amount, due us a few days before our own was to be met; but in times like those that was a precarious dependence, to say the least. My partner and I awaited this time, which would decide our fate, with apprehension and dread.

Our fears proved well-founded. The house on which we relied to carry us through failed, and ruin stared us in the face.

On the eve of the day our note fell due, having spent the intervening time in vain efforts to raise the necessary amount, my partner and I sat in our little office, gloomily talking over things. We were both unmarried men, and having made something of a snuggery of our den, we sometimes lingered round the little stove of evenings when we had nothing else to do. Our conversation on this occasion was dolorous enough, as you may imagine. No topic was even thought of except our cheerless prospects and what the morrow must bring forth.

Old South had struck nine, and we were about to go to our homes—that is, our boarding-houses—when Jim, "our boy," a young negro of fifteen or sixteen, entered, and with a series of short jerky bows, as was his fashion, handed me a dainty little note, in a lady's handwriting. My partner essayed a feeble jest on the occasion, while I, full of surprise and curiosity, tore the envelope hastily open. As I did so a bank-bill fluttered to the floor. My partner raised it, while I perused the following words:

"An unknown friend, having by a fortunate chance become acquainted with the difficulty under which you now labor, gladly avails herself of this opportunity to testify her gratitude for a heavy debt of obligation once incurred, rejoicing to aid the friend in his need who, one stormy night last winter, so kindly and nobly aided her in hers.

"Adieu; may fortune smile upon you!

"Forget not, you are not forgotten."

I pondered over this epistle long, and then, absently, handed it to my partner.

"By Jove, what a stroke of good fortune!" he cried, bringing his hand down on the letter with a thump when he had read it. "We are saved! and she is a trump, whoever she is; but that is your secret, not mine, and I ask no questions on this happy night. Let us have a glass of wine, old fellow! to drink her health. God bless her!"

His joyousness raised my spirits, too; for at first, though pleased, and touched by this generous token of my unknown's remembrance and gratitude, I had felt a repugnance to the thought of using this money. But my partner's unhesitating exultation and the exigencies of the hour made me put my scruples aside, and I seconded the proposal with regard to the wine with a heart that, suddenly released from the heavy cares that had clogged it, rose like a balloon untied from its earthly moorings.

Jim speedily reappeared at our summons.

"A bottle of our best wine, Jim!" cried my partner; "and Jim, you rascal, who brought this note?" cried I.

Jim rolled his staring black eyes in bewilderedness, performing his usual formula of jerky bows, which he evidently regarded as the quintessence of all grace and courtesy, and ejaculating "Yes, Sah! yes, Sah," as each one was achieved.

On repeating my question, he answered:

"Well, Sah, you see I couldn't d'sern for sartin who de indevid'yal wus, 'count ob de 'tensity ob de obscuration ob de darkness. It my 'pinion, howm'sever, dat it was eder a gran' navy gemmon, or a waiter-man; for I see de brass buttons a shining. Wich ob dem two, now, I'm not puppared to say, cause it's a difficult question."

"But, Jim, should you know the person again, do you think?"

"Feared not, Sah! cause, as I had de honor ob demarking, de 'tensity ob de obscuration—"

"Very well, Jim, that will do; bring the wine, and you shall have a glass for the good news you brought us."

Jim grinned and returned with the wine, with laudable promptness. He had not forgotten the third glass.

My partner filled them and handed his to Jim. The health of the "Generous Unknown" was drunk with enthusiasm, though Jim *did* mutter, as he smacked his lips:

"Well, I didn't admire de indevid'yal 'tic'larly myself; but dat a matter of taste, and any way de wine ain't spiled."

Of course this episode gave a new spur to my energies. I exerted myself more actively than ever to discover my unknown benefactress; but again with total want of success. For nearly two years my unremitting search was unrewarded by the slightest discovery.

At the end of that period my business, now again highly prosperous, called me to Paris; and, strange as it may seem, it was there I first began to unravel the riddle. The manner in which I gained the first clew to it was as strange as the place.

I happened to pass a hair-dresser's shop one morning, and saw exhibiting in the window a complete wig of curls of exquisite beauty. Now, as I had not then—however it may be now—begun to take a personal interest in wigs, and, moreover, as the one in question was evidently intended to obviate nature's niggardliness to a lady, not a gentleman, I should undoubtedly have passed by the "barber's curls" in perfect unconcern, notwithstanding their merits, had I not been struck by their color. They were of the exact, the very peculiar shade of the ringlet which I had now worn, for nearly three years, next my heart.

I stepped into the shop and asked to see the curls, compared them with my lock, and found the match perfect. I was convinced that nature could succeed but once in blending so rare a hue, and that the solution to the enigma was at hand. I questioned the barber as to whence he had obtained the hair. His answer puzzled me. It had been sold to him, he said, a week or two before, by a poor girl in distress—she had suffered it to be clipped from her head for the sake of what it would bring. He knew nothing more, except that she was American, and lodged in Rue ——. Forced to be content with this meagre information I purchased the wig, and returning home, sent for Jim. That worthy and matter-of-fact individual was now traveling with me as factotum, acquitting himself of the various duties of porter, valet, confidential agent, and important personage generally, to his own infinite satisfaction. I perceived that he might be of use in the matter in hand.

"Jim," said I, taking a half-eagle from my pocket, "I hesitate, Jim, to stimulate fidelity like yours by a bribe, but—"

"Lor, Sah, dat ain't no bibe; dat's a five-dolla gol' piece."

"I know that, Jim; but it's filthy lucre, as they say, which—"

"Bress you, Sah, Jim ain't so all-fired 'ticular; dey all pass, any way, if some is a little dirty. Never you mind dat, Sah; I'll take de risk ob dat—yes, Sah!"

"But you don't take my idea, Jim. I like to be served for love as well as hire, and I don't like to hurt your feelings by a doubt—"

"Ain't no doubt 'bout dis, Sah," said Jim, ringing the coin on the table. "Dere's de right ring 'bout it."

Perceiving I was putting entirely too fine a point upon it, I recommenced.

"All right, Jim. But bring your intellects to bear on this point, will you? This money is not yours yet, and is not going to be till you discover who the lady was that sold these curls—do you see?—to the barber in Rue ——. So be off; and if you find her, this, and another like it, are yours."

"O Lor! Sah, now you touches my feelins! you does, indeed! De heart in my bussum ain't made ob stone altogedder! I'll find her, Sah, sure and sartin, on de ground or under it!"

Jim's stimulated faculties, and my own not-to-be-underrated ingenuity in following up such hints as he obtained from quarters inaccessible to me, put me at last on the right track.

In short, I found my incognita, and found her more than all my wildest fancies had suggested. I found her a high-bred lady, as I always knew she was, but beautiful also, and in deep distress.

She had been traveling in Europe with her mother, a widow, about a year before, when intelligence reached them of the total loss of their large fortune by the convulsions in the money market, together with the rascality of the person who held it in trust. The shock of this sudden disaster was a death-blow to the mother, whose health had long been delicate. She died a few months later, leaving her young daughter alone and almost penniless in that wilderness, more full of dangers to a friendless girl than the jungles of India to the benighted wanderer. But Adèle was clad in the invulnerable though "gentle armor" of purity and innocence, and, like Una in the wood, she walked unscathed through many perils. She had struggled nobly. She was without any near relatives in the world, and though she had written of her troubles to her friends in America, at that time of general panic few had thoughts for others, all were straining every nerve to save themselves. She had been woefully disappointed in her expectation of aid and sympathy. Meanwhile she had supported herself by the sale of her paintings and drawings, and by fine needle-work; but finding all her efforts insufficient, she had disposed of her mother's wardrobe, and most of her own—had parted with her jewels and trinkets—and even, poor child, at last sold the very ringlets from her dear head in her despairing destitution!

Her loveliness, her modesty, and her distress touched me so that I took her at once into my heart of hearts. I longed to cherish and comfort her—to make that sweet mouth, with its patient and sad expression, smile as it was meant to do—to make those thoughtful eyes brighten, and to bring the color, even though it were but by a blush, back into those pale cheeks. Enough; she was all, more than all, my heart and imagination craved; she satisfied me entirely.

My wooing was a short one, but not without its difficulties. Adèle was very proud and shy, and I had enough to do to silence her scruples. I had need often to remind her how her generosity had saved me from ruin, and that therefore all the fortune I had to offer her was, in truth, only her loan returned.

But you can guess how it ended. I was very much in earnest, Adèle very lonely and desolate; and we had some romance in the past to fall back upon. In two weeks she was my wife, and we were on our way back to America.

Of course, wise people shook their heads, foolish ones gossiped, and the world stared. But Adèle and I were happy, and what did we care? Better still, time has proved that a hasty match is not necessarily a foolish one. My wife Adèle and I have now been married nearly ten years, and though we flatter ourselves we are not yet in our dotage, we certainly are foolish enough to sentimentalize a little occasionally. I still cherish very tenderly a certain long auburn curl, and indeed a whole headful of them—to say nothing of an old wig, which, though now somewhat dusty, with every prospect of being much more so before it is needed, I can not bear to have flung out as rubbish.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.

Second Article.

OUR remarks of last week on this subject prepare the way for what we have to say on the destruction of weeds.

One of the best ways to get rid of weeds is not to grow them. The frequent disturbance of the soil, when they are about to appear, is a sure means to prevent their growth. An illustration of this fact may be found in any vegetable garden. Let a common scuffle, or other hoe, be used between any two rows of vegetables, and let the soil of the next rows be left untouched, and after a few days, especially in moist weather, the latter will be a bed of young weeds, whereas the former will be comparatively clean. This fact holds true of any row crops grown in the field as well as those grown in the garden, and shows the necessity of the prompt use of implements for disturbance of the soil. Putting off this necessary labor for a few days is often the cause of great expense in cleaning the land.

Land intended for roots not to be sown very early would be much benefited by a good plowing in early spring and the frequent use of the cultivator. Such treatment would cause all young weeds, as fast as they appear, to be destroyed, and all seeds brought within germinating distance of the surface of the soil would be so disturbed as to prevent plants growing from them. But the soil may be so infested with weeds as to make it impossible, for that season at least, to grow root crops profitably; for a little rest in such case may be enough to swarm the young crop with these intruders. Should the land be in such condition, we must summer fallow, or seed the land to clover with a cereal crop.

We know of no better implement for destroying weeds among row crops than Knox's horse-hoe. Its construction may be easily understood. The handles and beam are like those of an ordinary plow, having two arms of wood extending from the sides of the beam, within a short distance of the end, running back like the sides of the letter A. At the part of the beam where these two sides meet is a cutter, or colter, which enters the ground to steady the machine during its action. At each of the other ends of the two arms is a small plow. In the rear of the beam, and directly under the handles, is a V-shaped share, point forward. There are teeth on the rear of this share, about three inches long, projecting backward. A wheel and regulating clevis are placed on the front of the beam, to which a horse or mule may be attached. The action of this implement may be easily understood. The cutter, as stated above, steadies it; the small plows throw the soil to the centre; and the V-shaped share again distributes it. This horse-hoe can be used to great advantage when the rows are straight, for corn, potatoes, carrots, and all other row crops wide enough apart to let it pass between them. In hoeing corn it should be passed down the side of one row, and then above that of the next in order through the length of the field, and afterward across it in the same manner. It is generally used with the mould-board sides in for other crops as well as corn, unless it be desired to throw the soil against the plants, flat cultivation being now much practiced. The amount of labor necessary for the cultivation of corn, potatoes, etc., when the common plow and hand hoes only are used, deters many from giving these important crops the care they so justly deserve. When the side wings are taken off, the V-shaped share operates with good effect on soil between narrow rows, especially if drawn by an animal having a steady step and accustomed to such work. But the horse-hoe or any other contrivance must be used in good time if the best results are desired. Even if hand-weeding have to be resorted to, it is better to attack weeds when they are young, otherwise the stalks are liable to break, leaving the roots in the soil to send forth new ones. We again repeat that a farmer can not afford to grow weeds if his own crops are of any value to him.

In hot weather the hoes should be kept constantly going while weeds are to be found; for they are most easily killed when the roots are exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. Should it so happen that any weeds bordering open drains and fences are permitted to grow large, let them be cut before the seed ripens, and better still if at a much earlier date, to prevent all possibility of the juices of the stalks assisting in the ripening of the seeds after they are cut. Remember the adage:

"One year's good weeding
Will prevent seeding."

The small price of land in many parts of this country, and the high price of labor, prevent that careful system of culture so essentially necessary in older countries. But even in such parts of our own America where land, having a large money value, is deteriorating in quality and growing more weeds than crops, it is a self-evident fact, and especially because of the high price of labor, that, instead of running over a great amount of surface, we ought to concentrate our powers on a smaller area. Soils whose fertility is increased by a rational system of culture, require less labor for the growing of crops than those to which such treatment is unknown.

Rather than naked fallow a field *completely overrun* with quack or other weeds, we would prefer to plow it well in spring, using a cultivator on it every two weeks, and from the middle to the latter part of June sow buckwheat very thickly to choke them out.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

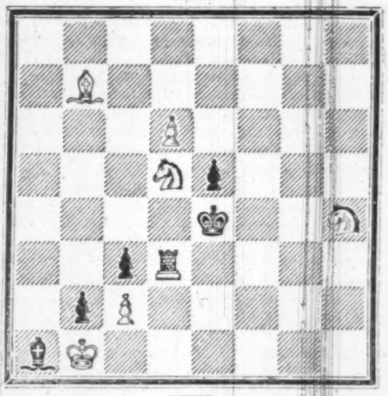
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E. C. and T. W. N. (Alvarado, Cal.), J. R. P., and some others. We are necessitated to adhere to a principle already established and published; namely: that, excepting in very unusual cases, we must be excused from reference to back numbers.——"CYGNET" is welcome, as usual; little doubt but that his last contribution will have all honor.——To Dr. R. (Philadelphia), S. T. R. (Toronto, Canada), and G. B. M. (Mexico), we make *salam* in like manner.——W. B. C. will accept acknowledgments for his information as to match between Augusta and Georgia (played by telegraph, and ending in a draw). On the next bout we hope you will both win.——Solutions to sundry Problems are to hand from "COURTENAY" (Augusta, Ga.), J. W. C. (Louisville, Ky.), L. F. R. (Havana), J. S. E. (Kalamazoo, Mich.), and many others. We take occasion, by-the-way, here to remark that where solutions, etc., are concerned it is not possible on every occasion to enter into *minutiæ*. We make no mistakes, and our friends must puzzle out theirs. No remittance is requisite.——To B. A. S. (Cynthiana, Ky.), we have to remark, in reply to his query as to the permissibility of moving his King to a square commanded (or, as he terms it, *battered*) by an adverse piece—said piece being *pinned* in the manner which he describes—that it is a case of *no go*. Although, having no powers of locomotion, the checking power is not in such cases withheld.——To H. M. S. (Tuscaloosa), we say thanks. The game between the University and City shall appear in this column ere long. How is it, by-the-way, that either party won? Surely you were both *loosas*.——Additional solutions are acknowledged from "VINDEX" (Memphis), B. G. B. (New Orleans), P. M. (Fraulin, Ind.), and C. L. (Boston); also contributions of Problems, etc., from "GEDEEA" and some others.

PROBLEM XXIV.

BY EUGENE B. COOK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q R 8 (ch)	Kt takes Q (*)
2. P to Q 3	Kt moves
3. Kt checkmates	
1. (*)	K to Q B 4
2. Kt (from R 4) takes Kt (ch)	Any thing
3. Q checkmates	

ARRIVAL OF MR. PAUL MORPHY.—After a somewhat protracted visit to Europe, during which his career, throughout, has been one of triumph and ovation, Mr. Paul Morphy has at length reached New York on his way homeward to New Orleans. Having been a passenger in the R. M. steamship *Persia*, he arrived here on Wednesday, 11th; and having taken up his quarters at the St. Nicholas Hotel, was waited upon by a number of our principal amateurs, and on the same evening, despite of the fatigues consequent upon a rather boisterous passage, we yet find him engaged in his favorite pursuit at the New York Chess Club. The probability of Mr. M.'s appearance at the Club being considered, an unusually large attendance of members was the natural consequence, and great interest was manifested by all when Mr. F. Perrin, President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and really one of our very best players, entered the lists, receiving from Mr. M. the odds of *Queen's Knight!* Notwithstanding these immense odds, out of a total of four games Mr. M. succeeded in scoring three against one obtained by their recipient. Mr. Perrin, being by no means satisfied with this result, with his characteristic pluck proposed to play a match of nine games at the same odds; which being accepted, the parties again met on the following evening, when the first game was contested, and, after a prolonged struggle, was decided in Mr. M.'s favor. The score of this game is appended below.

A magnificent set of gold and silver chessmen, with a board of corresponding value, as also a splendid gold watch, will be shortly presented to Mr. Morphy by the amateurs of New York and Brooklyn. The presentation will be made by Mr. John Van Buren, assisted by Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, at the Chapel of the New York University, in which building the New York Chess Club now meet. The Chess-players of Boston, alike anxious to do him honor, have delegated a committee for the purpose of extending the hospitalities of their Club; and we learn that, in a few days, Mr. Morphy will accompany the delegation on their return home, and accept their invitation to a public dinner.

FIRST GAME.

(White's Queen's Knight must be removed from the Board.)

WHITE (*Mr. M.*)	BLACK (*Mr. P.*)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. P to Q 4	P takes P
4. K B to Q B 4	P to Q 3 (*a*)
5. P to Q B 3	P to Q 6
6. Q to Q Kt 3	Q to K B 3
7. Castles	P to K R 3
8. Q B to K 3	P to K Kt 4
9. Kt to Q 4	R to K R 2
10. P to K B 4	P to K Kt 5
11. P to K 5	Q to K 2
12. P to K 6	P takes P
13. Kt takes K P	Kt to K B 3
14. Q R to K	B takes Kt
15. B takes B	R to Q Kt
16. B to K B 5	K to Q
17. B takes Q R P	Kt takes B
18. R takes Q	R takes R
19. B takes Q P	Q Kt to B 3
20. B to K B 5	P to Q 4
21. B takes Kt P	Kt takes B
22. Q takes P (ch)	K to K (*b*)
23. Q to K 5 (ch)	R to K B 2
24. R to K (ch)	B interposes
25. Q takes Kt	Q R to Q
26. Q to K Kt 8 (ch)	R interposes
27. Q to Kt 6 (ch)	K to Q 2
28. Q to K 6 (ch)	K to K
29. Q takes R P	Q R to Q 3
30. Q to K R 5 (ch)	K to Q
31. P to K Kt 3	K to Q B
32. P to Q Kt 4	B to K B 3
33. R to K 8 (ch)	R takes R
34. Q takes R (ch)	Kt to Q
35. Q to K 3	R to Q B 3
36. K to Kt 2	R takes Q B P
37. Q to K 4	R to Q B 3
38. P to K Kt 4	R to K 3
39. Q to K B 5	K to Q Kt
40. P to K Kt 5	B to Q 5
41. Q to K B 8	R to Q 3
42. P to K B 5	

Mr. Perrin resigns.

NOTES.

(*a*) Receiving the odds of Queen's Knight, Mr. P. commences by playing a cautious, or, rather, *timid* game. With his knowledge of the openings, it would have been much better to play the usual move, viz.: 4. K B to Q B 4.

(*b*) His best move. If K to B, White would win the Knight by a check at Bishop's fifth square. If R to Q 2, he would likewise lose either Knight or Bishop.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, May* 21, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been decidedly less active for Breadstuffs during the past week. The speculative demand has ceased, and many holders who had purchased on speculation have manifested considerable eagerness to realize. The recent news from Liverpool has been unfavorable, and has had the effect of seriously depressing the market. Prices have declined materially, closing quite heavily and irregularly. The inquiry from Eastern and local trade has been restricted ....Provisions have been less freely dealt in. Hog Products have fluctuated very much, closing languidly. Beef has ruled firm....The movements in Groceries, Spices, Hay, Hemp, Hops, Seeds, and Naval Stores have been moderate .... Oils, Adamantine Candles, Tobacco, and Wool have been in demand....The Dry Goods trade has been devoid of animation. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,846,737 against $762,144 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $44,513,256 against $18,718,876 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not productive of any remarkable changes....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 70	@	$6 75
Extra State Flour	6 90	@	7 25
Superfine Western	5 75	@	6 60
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	7 20	@	8 75
Extra Missouri,	7 75	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	6 35	@	6 75
Extra Southern	6 80	@	9 50
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 20
Jersey Corn Meal	4 20	@	—
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 70	@	1 90
White Southern Wheat	1 65	@	1 95
Red Western Wheat	1 60	@	1 70
Milwaukee Club	1 15	@	1 30
Chicago Spring	1 00	@	1 15
New Yellow Corn	96	@	98
Rye	—	@	1 00
Barley	65	@	80
Western Oats	58	@	60
State Oats	56	@	58
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	52	@	56
Southern Oats	48	@	54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¼	@	11½
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	17 25
Prime Pork	—	@	15 00
Country Mess Beef	8 50	@	9 75
Hams, per pound	8½	@	9½
Shoulders	7¼	@	7½
Lard	11½	@	12
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	17	@	22
Ohio Butter, new	15	@	20
Cheese, new	5	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@	5 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@	12½
New Orleans Sugar	6	@	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	—	@	45
Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@	62
Oolong Teas	35	@	65
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	30	@	30½
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	9	@	15
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	70	@	75
Tallow, per pound	11	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	—	@	3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	53½	@	54½
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 62½
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 70	@	—
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@	67
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6½	@	13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool	40	@	60
" Pulled Wool	30	@	50

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more freely supplied with Beeves, which were lower. The demand was not brisk....Milch Cows were plenty, and in limited request at reduced prices....Veals were quite in excess of the wants of buyers. Prices declined about ½ c. per pound. Sheep were also abundant and cheaper ....Swine remained about as last week, with an active market.

The Country Produce Markets have been somewhat less active, the weather having been unfavorable. Supplies of Old Vegetables are diminishing, and prices are rising. The demand, however, is not brisk. New Vegetables are coming in more freely, and are declining; hence they meet with a more general inquiry. In the fruit line, the only noticeable novelties are increased supplies of Strawberries, and light receipts of Cherries, from the South. Eggs are more plenty and are cheaper. Poultry and Game are arriving less freely, yet are inactive.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per xuart box	$ 15	@	$ 55
Cherries, per pound	10	@	15
Apples, per barrel	2 50	@	5 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8	@	9
Dried Peaches, peeled	11	@	15
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	7	@	8
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25	@	2 75
Potatoes, new	3 00	@	4 00
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@	—
Onions	3 50	@	5 00
Onions, new	5 50	@	6 00
Turnips	1 00	@	—
Parsnips	1 00	@	1 25
Beets	1 00	@	—
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@	8 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@	15 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Beans, per bushel	2 75	@	—
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14½	@	15½
Chickens, per pound	10	@	14
Chickens, Bucks Co.	14	@	16
Geese	11	@	14
Turkeys	15	@	17
Ducks	16	@	18
" black, per pair	62	@	75
" widgeon	50	@	62½
" Brant	1 25	@	1 62
" gray	50	@	62½
" redheads	87½	@	1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00	@	2 25
Wild Pigeons	1 37	@	1 75
Blackbirds	38	@	50
Partridge, per pair	62	@	75
Snipe, per dozen	1 00	@	2 25
English Snipe, per pair	40	@	50

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SHOEMAKER.

"GOOD-DAY!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good-day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner before the face had dropped again.

The faintness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it affected the senses like a once beautiful color faded away into a poor weak stain. So sunken and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveler, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him; then, upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little farther, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the garret, and showed the workman, with an unfinished shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old canvas frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, pausing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, motioning to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead-color), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"

"It is a lady's shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavoring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh nor a groan, he bent to work again until the silence was again broken.

"You are not a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him; but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learned it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to—"

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. His eyes came slowly back, at last, to the face from which they had wandered; when they rested on it, he started, and resumed, in the manner of a sleeper that moment awake, reverting to a subject of last night.

"HE HAD SUNK IN HER ARMS, WITH HIS FACE DROPPED ON HER BREAST."

"I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face:

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette"—Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm—"do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively-intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extended toward him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked about him in the old way. Finally, with a deep, long sigh, he took the shoe up and resumed his work.

"Have you recognized him, monsieur?" asked Defarge, in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew well. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labor.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she stayed them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say,

"What is this!"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she laid his ruined head there.

"You are not the jailer's daughter?"

She signed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange thrill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking doubtfully at it two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded rag attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very small quantity of hair: not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, in some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked closely at it. "It is the same! How can it be! When was it! How was it!"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead he seemed to become conscious that it was in hers too. He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found these upon my sleeve. 'You will leave me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit.' Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

"HE TOOK HER HAIR INTO HIS HAND AGAIN, AND LOOKED CLOSELY AT IT."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly,

"How was this?—*Was it you?*"

Once more the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as every thing but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet, and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no; you are too young, too blooming. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. These are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"Oh, Sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I can not tell you at this time, and I can not tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, any thing that recalls a beloved head that lay in your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home there is before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France, so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms—emblem to humanity of the rest and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last—they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her hand to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away—"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

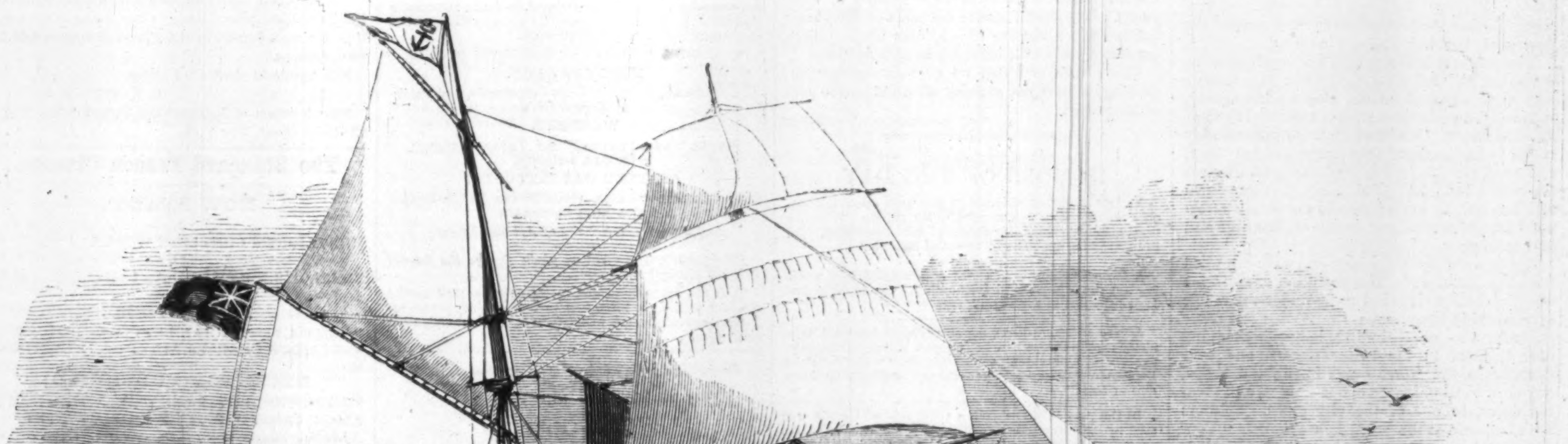
"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manners; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you can not be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favor of one of them remaining. But as there were not only carriages and horses to be seen to, but traveling papers; and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father's side, and watched him. The dark-

FELDZEUGMEISTER COUNT GIULAI.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE BRITISH YACHT "URSULA."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the wall.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides traveling-cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind in the scared blank wonder of his face. Whether he knew what had happened, whether he recollected what they had said to him, whether he knew that he was free, were questions which no sagacity could have solved. They tried speaking to him; but he was so confused, and so very slow to answer, that they took fright at his bewilderment, and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, lost manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before; yet he had some pleasure in the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invariably turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took—and kept—her hand in both of his own.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long, main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had repeated it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house was apparent to them. They heard him mutter, "One Hundred and Five, North Tower;" and when he looked about him, it evidently was for the strong fortress-walls which had long encompassed him. On their reaching the court-yard, he instinctively altered his tread, as being in expectation of a drawbridge; and when there was no drawbridge, and he saw the carriage waiting in the open street, he dropped his daughter's hand and clasped his head again.

No crowd was about the door; no people were discernible at any of the many windows; not even a chance passer-by was in the street. An unnatural silence and desertion reigned there. Only one soul was to be seen, and that was Madame Defarge—who leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

The prisoner had got into the coach, and his daughter had followed him, when Mr. Lorry's feet were arrested on the step by his asking, miserably, for his shoemaking tools and the unfinished shoes. Madame Defarge immediately called to her husband that she would get them, and went, knitting, out of the lamplight, through the court-yard. She quickly brought them down and handed them in; and immediately afterward leaned against the door-post, knitting, and saw nothing.

Defarge got upon the box, and gave the word "To the Barrier!" The postillion cracked his whip, and they clattered away under the feeble overswinging lamps.

Under the overswinging lamps — swinging ever brighter in the better streets, and ever dimmer in the worse—and by lighted shops, gay crowds, illuminated coffee-houses, and theatre doors, to one of the city gates. Soldiers with lanterns, at the guard-house there. "Your papers, travelers!" "See here then, Monsieur the Officer," said Defarge, getting down, and taking him gravely apart, "these are the papers of monsieur inside, with the white head. They were consigned to me, with him, at the—" He dropped his voice, there was a flutter among the military lanterns, and one of them being handed into the coach by an arm in uniform, the eyes connected with the arm looked, not an every day or an every night look, at monsieur with the white head. "It is well. Forward!" from the uniform. "Adieu!" from Defarge. And so, under a short grove of feebler and feebler overswinging lamps, out under the great grove of stars.

Beneath that arch of unmoved and eternal lights: some, so remote from this little earth that the learned tell us it is doubtful whether their rays have even yet discovered it, as a point in space where any thing is suffered or done: the shadows of the night were broad and black. All through the cold and restless interval until dawn they once more whispered in the ears of Mr. Jarvis Lorry—sitting opposite the buried man who had been dug out, and wondering what subtle powers were forever lost to him, and what were capable of restoration—the old inquiry:

"I hope you care to be recalled to life?"

And the old answer:

"I can't say."

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

FELDZEUGMEISTER COUNT GIULAI.

THE accompanying portrait is that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian Army in Italy, who is shortly to contend in the field with the Emperor Napoleon. He has occupied hitherto but a small space in history; a few dates and titles are all that can be given in lieu of a biography.

Count Giulai is the son of a General Giulai, a Hungarian by birth and descent, who commanded an Austrian *corps d'armée* in the wars in Italy at the commencement of the century. All that history remembers of him is that he covered the retreat of the Archduke Charles after the battle of Ernsdorf, and was hotly chased by the French. He died in 1831.

The son was born at Pesth, in 1797, and is therefore in his sixty-second year. He entered the army at the usual age, and served steadily for thirty years without especial distinction. In the crisis of 1848 he was selected, for his steady loyalty, to command the port of Trieste. Having given satisfaction in this employ, and having a reputation for stern resolution, he was chosen Minister of War shortly afterward, at the time the Emperor of Austria was busy in crushing out the smoking embers of the revolution. Whether his iron rigor was deemed indiscreet or no, he was not long retained in the cabinet at Vienna. In 1850 he was superseded as Minister of War.

The next we hear of him is as commander of the fifth *corps d'armée* in Italy. This was during the Crimean war. His sympathies at this time must have leaned toward the French, for he was selected to be the envoy extraordinary to the court of St. Petersburg. He spent several months at the Russian court in the discharge of duties which seem to have paved the way for the present rupture between Russia and Austria. We hear nothing further of him till he looms up as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy.

He is a man of large size, and exceedingly stiff military gait and manners. His face—of which the chief features are a pair of cold, blue, penetrating eyes, and long rough whiskers—is said to be by no means pleasing. As a soldier he has the reputation of a martinet; a man cast in an iron mould.

A few weeks hence we shall know more of him.

THE BRITISH YACHT "URSULA."

ON Sunday evening, May 15, there arrived in this port a little craft only 156 tons register, which had crossed the ocean on a pleasure excursion. The vessel was the yacht *Ursula*, owned by Mr. Tennent, of Glasgow. With a couple of friends and three young ladies, his nieces, he sailed from the Clyde on 15th April, made the Azores on 25th, and arrived here, without accident, on Sunday evening.

The *Ursula* is a pretty little craft, built on the model of the famous yacht *America*. She has sailed 14 knots an hour, and in entering the bay she is said to have outstripped a fast clipper ship and some of our crack pilot boats.

There is something delightfully venturesome in the idea of these three young ladies—Mr. Tennent's nieces—coming all the way from Scotland to the United States on a pleasure excursion in their yacht. We should like to see some of our young ladies make a venture of a similar kind. There are many years additional life in such pastimes.

The *Ursula*, of which we give an accurate engraving, is an object of much attention on the part of our people.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LADY waited on a doctor to purchase some fashionable remedy that was to cure every thing. "Lose no time, my dear madam, in using it," said the doctor, "for in less than a week it will be out of fashion."

A farmer made his last will and testament in words few but significant: "I have nothing, I owe nothing, and I give the rest to the poor!"

A very awkward-looking public singer once told Bannister that his voice had been much improved since he swallowed, by accident, some train-oil. "Ah," rejoined Bannister, "what a pity you did not swallow a dancing-master also!"

In the year 1586 the young Constable of Castile was sent by his sovereign to felicitate Pope Sixtus V. on his exaltation to the papal throne. The pontiff, displeased that so young an embassador had been deputed to him, could not help saying, "And well, Sir, did your master want men, by sending me an embassador without a beard?"

"If my sovereign had thought," replied the proud young Spaniard, "that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a *goat*, and not a *gentleman*."

Quick, the comedian, one day passing through Broker's Row, Moorfields, was seized upon by a barker of a furniture warehouse, who, without ceremony, pulled him into the shop and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quick, being old and infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he were master of the shop.

"No, Sir," said the barker; "but I will fetch him immediately."

The man returned with his master, to whom Quick put the question, "Are you master of this shop, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir. What can I do for you?"

"Only," replied Quick, "just hold your man a minute, while I go out!"

In his Lectures Mr. S. C. Hall tells a good story of Miss Mary Russell Mitford. Round and fat in person, she was what Lord Byron called a "dumpy woman," and Miss Landon had described her as "Sancho Panza in petticoats." Her face, like her figure, was broad and round, but pleasant and good-humored, and indicative rather of intelligence than of genius. Of the art of dress she knew nothing. On her way to an evening party at the lecturer's house, she purchased a most unbecoming yellow turban, which caused her to be for some time an object of merriment to the whole room, owing to the fact of the shop-keeper from whom she had bought it having forgotten to remove from behind it a large ticket bearing the printed inscription, "Very chaste. Only 5s. 6d."

Dr. Abernethy used tell his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied—"Pooh! my horse will stand *faster* than yours can gallop!"

Dr. Franklin, talking of a friend of his who had been a Manchester dealer, said, "that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?" "No; why do you ask such a question?" "'Cause that leetle man, with a heap o' hair on his face, cotch'd hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'Well, make haste!'"

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother. "Can't tell, 'cept it's because she has a large *comb* in her head."

"A ruffian shot at me last night," said a penurious gentleman, "and my life was saved by the ball's striking a silver coin in my pocket." "Whoever takes true aim at your heart is very certain to hit a coin," said one who knew him.

We have all heard of asking for money and getting advice; but a gentleman may be considered as still worse treated when he asks a young lady's hand and gets her father's foot.

It may be said, in illustration of the sweetness and the sting of the English Language, that its very alphabet begins with *A B*.

We have generally observed that a man bitten by a dog, no matter whether the animal is mad or not, is apt to get mad himself.

A convict wrote a letter to his brother, a serious letter, without an attempt at a joke, which, however, concluded thus: "I must leave off now, for my feet are so cold I can not hold my pen."

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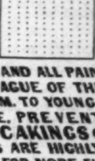

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